

THE CANADIAN MAGAZINE.

VOL. XII.

MARCH, 1899.

No. 5.

THE MARQUIS OF SALISBURY.

THERE is a suggestive commentary upon the permanence of English institutions in the fact that the Prime Minister of Queen Victoria is the direct descendant of the great Minister of Queen Elizabeth. More than three hundred and thirty years have passed away since the young Queen, in the hall of Hatfield Palace, chose William Cecil for her Secretary of State. The dynasties of Tudor and Stuart have given place to the Guelph, but the House of Cecil, like the social fabric of England, remains, and Robert Cecil, ninth Earl and third Marquis of Salisbury, tenth in direct descent from Elizabeth's Secretary, is the chief adviser of the English Sovereign during the closing years of the nineteenth century.

The personality and the career of the Prime Minister reflect the influences of family tradition and of English history. He possesses the characteristics of his own day in aptitude for public affairs, in the gift of oratory, in keen appreciation of the industrial and social revolution which is silently effected by science. The spirit of the past is reflected in a steady resistance to constitutional change, in successful efforts to moderate the violence of new movements, in a quiet acquiescence in what appears to be the inevitable extension of democratic powers. The modern Tory party of England, by its fusion with Whigs and Radicals is, however reluctantly, in essence a progressive constitutional party, and of

this new, vigorous, and authoritative element, Lord Salisbury is at once the safest, most sagacious, and most brilliant exponent.

Concerning few men who have held for such a lengthy period the highest offices of state has so little been written. No biography worthy the name has yet been attempted. His speeches have not been collected. The memoirs of his principal contemporary associates are not available. A man of singular reserve, with a dignified indifference to mere popular adulation, he has escaped thus far in large measure the doubtful attentions of the diarist and the press gossips. The desire to know something of the inner life and private occupations of the men who lead us and shape public policy is not wholly idle curiosity, and a correct knowledge of Lord Salisbury's calibre as a statesman is, in some degree, dependent upon an appreciation of his scholarly tastes, his alertness of mind, and his fine social qualities. The splendid hospitality of Hatfield House and the courtesy of its host and hostess, have often been the theme of praise. Mr. Gladstone once said, after a visit to Hatfield: "I never saw a more perfect host," and Bishop Wilberforce recorded somewhere in that inconvenient diary of his, after a few days at Hatfield: "Salisbury is a very fine fellow; such a clear grip of intellect, and so highminded in everything." It was in much the same spirit that the Comte de Paris wrote when he referred to

"Lord Salisbury, pour le caractère et le talent duquel j'ai toujours eu une si haute estime, et que j'aime d'ailleurs toujours à considérer comme mon proche voisin de campagne."

An Englishman of note, who has lately given his recollections to the world, declares that the Prime Minister, whose manner has been defined as courtesy without cordiality, is seen at his very best in his own house. The charm of his personality, says this writer, is reflected in "the fine manner, full of both dignity and of courtesy; the utter freedom from pomposity, formality, and self-assertion, and the dash of genuine cynicism which modifies, though it does not mask, the flavour of his fun." He has been called shy, but that may be merely an instinctive shrinking from the bore. Thus the testimony of those who ought to know best is rather at variance with the prevalent impression of him as one reserved to the point of coldness, whose rank removes him farther from the opinions and inspiration of the multitude than is usually considered desirable in a party leader. The success of the Conservatives under his leadership tends to modify this view. Above all an Englishman, we may fairly look to England itself for a verdict upon his popularity as well as his policy. Since 1886, a few years after Lord Salisbury's assumption of the leadership, the English constituencies have unvaryingly returned a majority of Conservatives over both Liberals and Liberal-Unionists. This record includes three general elections, Mr. Gladstone's victory in 1892 among them. The vicissitudes of British politics seldom present a more notable evidence of sustained party unity than this. It is not conclusive, but it is a guide.

Lord Robert Cecil was the second son of the second Marquis. He was born in 1830, and of his school and college life little is recorded. He was educated at Eton and Christ Church, Oxford. He is represented as a "shy, reserved and studious" youth, with a decided taste for German, photography

and the natural sciences. A younger son, he seems not to have attracted any marked notice, but must have early begun to fit himself for public life.* He was prominent in the debates of the Oxford Union. In these academic discussions of the undergraduates he won no small fame, and was in time elected treasurer of the Union. In "Pendennis," young Magnus Charteris, the son of the Duke of Runnymede, affected strong Republican opinions at Oxford. Lord Robert Cecil indulged in no such youthful vagary. It is related that in one of the debates, after the victory of free-trade, he urged the re-union of the Conservatives and the Peelites in order to assure England "a stronger Government than the Liberals could give her." Thus early were his party proclivities defined, and his readiness to recognize the inevitable displayed. On another occasion, in moving a resolution against the policy of state-aid to the Catholic Church of Ireland, he protested vigorously against disestablishment of the English Church. He is known to-day as a moderate High Churchman. There is a passing interest in a letter which he wrote to the Archbishop of Canterbury, in 1881, wherein he declared: "Ritualism is too strong to be 'put down'; a serious attempt to do so would simply shatter the Church. On the other hand, it is odious to the majority of Churchmen, partly from habit, partly from dogmatic objection." Practice in the debates of the Oxford Union laid the foundation of that fluent and telling oratorical style which afterwards gained for the young member the respectful attention of the House of Commons, and which has, in our day, made him the chief ornament of

* The student of Lord Salisbury's career will find in three little books nearly all the materials that are available: *Life and Speeches*, by F. S. Pulling, M.A., 2 vols., 1885; Mr. Traill's biography in the *Queen's Prime Ministers* series, 1891; and a short *Life* by Rev. James J. Ellis, 1892, the least pretentious, and perhaps the best, of the three. The sketches in the biographical dictionaries are unimportant. There is a readable article in the London *World's* collection of "Celebrities at Home." The casual references in contemporary biography are scanty. Mr. Escott's "Personal Forces of the Period" contains a valuable reference to Lord Robert Cecil's journalistic labours. The most convenient way of reading the speeches, Parliamentary and other, is to consult the files of *The Times*.

the House of Lords. I heard Lord Salisbury address the Primrose League at the Covent Garden Theatre in 1894. Upon the stage were grouped the territorial magnates of the land, their attention fixed with rapt interest upon their acknowledged leader and the champion of their order. The clear, high-pitched voice, the impressive but never impassioned delivery, the perfect flow of language, the dignified presence, relieved from heaviness by the kindly gleam of a humorous eye, all appealed to the listener as forming a striking type of intellectual strength.

After taking the degree of B.A., Lord Robert Cecil travelled abroad, choosing not merely the continental tour of most educated Englishmen, but also visiting the British colonies. He went as far as New Zealand, and was the guest of Sir George Grey at Wellington. Together they took walks by the seashore, and discussed the new constitution of the colony. Thus by travel and study he qualified himself to deal with those questions of foreign and colonial policy, in the settlement of which he was afterwards to show unusual powers of patience, insight and skill. Returning to England, he was elected in August, 1853, without opposition, to the House of Commons as member for the borough of Stamford.

The years that follow are the developing period of his life. A candid person who met him at this time asserts that among his friends and relatives he was not regarded as of much consequence or promise. His sister alone believed in him fervently. "Give Robert only the chance," she is credited with saying, "and he will climb to the top of the tree." During these years he acquired his journalistic experiences. A peer's younger son, with an income of but £400 a year, who determines to marry the woman of his choice, and who has to bear the expenses imposed by social position and a seat in Parliament, must expect to augment his income either by office under the Crown or by some regular form of work. The former alternative was remote. Lord Robert

Cecil had yet to win his spurs in politics, and the prospects of his party, then in Opposition, were poor. He betook himself to writing for the press, a task for which he was exceptionally well equipped, and which must have proved to him, as to many others, the most congenial form of slavery known to civilized man. A college friend, Thomas Hamber, was the editor of the *Morning Herald* and the *Evening Standard*, two newspapers which had lately passed into the hands of the same proprietor, and to the columns of these journals the young M.P. contributed leading articles chiefly upon foreign politics. In 1855, Mr. A. J. Beresford-Hope, a wealthy relative by marriage, founded the *Saturday Review*, and Lord Robert Cecil was one of a group of brilliant men, including John Morley, Goldwin Smith, and Sir William Harcourt, who wrote regularly for that versatile and aggressive paper. His labours appear not to have been the occasional occupations of the dilettante writer, but the serious tasks of the working journalist. From his modest home in a quiet street off the Strand the future Prime Minister may have often taken a walk down Fleet Street with a supply of printer's copy in his pocket.

His elder brother died in June, 1865, and Lord Robert became Viscount Cranborne and heir to the title and vast possessions of the House of Cecil. By his already recognized talents, and his prospective succession to the family dignities he was now reckoned among the political magnates of the Conservative party. The *Times* said, when Parliament was dissolved: "Lord Cranborne, better known as Lord Robert Cecil, brings great ability to the support of his party. Industrious, pugnacious, vigorous and eloquent, Lord Cranborne has made his way from comparative obscurity to the front ranks of Parliament. His occasional rashness requires to be tempered by experience, but the virtues of prudence and moderation are more possible of attainment than the ability which is only given at birth."



DRAWING FROM PHOTOGRAPH.

THE MARCHIONESS OF SALISBURY

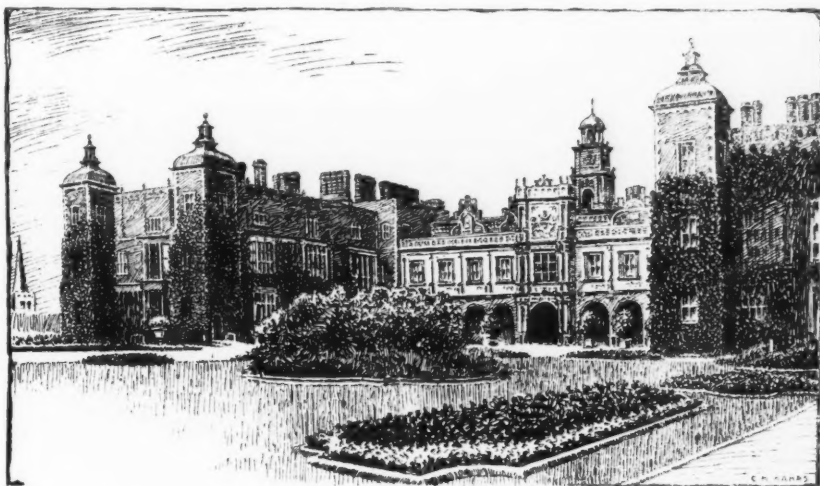
His opportunity soon came. In Lord Derby's Ministry, formed in July, 1866, Lord Cranborne was chosen Secretary of State for India, and brought to bear upon his duties a knowledge, judgment and diligence which met all previous expectations of his ability, and marked him out for future prominence. He left the Government on the Reform Bill of 1867, a course which gained for him the name of reactionary. It was no evidence of caprice, or instability, but it expressed his habitual aversion to hasty radical changes in the State. He shared the alarm and confusion of the time, felt even by those who had regarded with equanimity the revolution of 1832. The death of his father now removed him, perforce, to the House of Lords as Marquis of Salisbury. He is said to have accepted the inevitable departure from the popular chamber with reluctance. This we may well doubt. He had sat for fourteen years in the House of Commons.

He had grown familiar with its authority as the elective branch of the legislature, and with its limitations as an infallible oracle. He had learned to know exactly when it could safely be defied by the peers, and when acquiescence was the part of wisdom. This was valuable knowledge for the future leader. In the controversy over the franchise and redistribution bills in 1884, and in the long conflict over Irish home rule, Lord Salisbury gauged with accuracy the real position of the House of Commons, and he established for all time the perfect safety or an appeal to the country from a cynical and enslaved party majority in Parliament. In Mr. Disraeli's second Administration Lord Salisbury was again appointed to the India Office, and, upon Lord Derby's resignation in 1878, to the post of Secretary for Foreign Affairs.

There was much in Lord Salisbury's training and temperament to fit him for the position of Foreign Minister. He was prudent, steady of purpose and a careful student of foreign politics. He possessed a fine gift of literary expression. His despatches from the first were lucid and convincing. He had all the vigour of the controversialist, modified by the suavity of the diplomatist. The responsibilities into which he was plunged by Lord Derby's sudden withdrawal from the Cabinet were sufficiently serious. A rupture with Russia, flushed by its victories over Turkey and apparently resolved to push the advantage to the utmost, seemed imminent. His first official act as Foreign Minister was the circular despatch of April 1, 1878, to the British embassies in Europe for communication to the several Governments. The Ambassador who had to convey its terms to the Czar pronounces it "a marvellous epitome of the whole question, couched in the most conciliatory

tone, but proving in logical and forcible terms that any treaty between Russia and the Porte affecting the treaties of 1856 and 1871 must be an European treaty." The negotiations that ensued ended in the Treaty of Berlin, the fleeting triumphs of which Lord Salisbury shared with his chief, Lord Beaconsfield. The blue ribbon of the Garter was bestowed upon each of them. But before Russia consented to a conference of the Powers there were anxious days, and Lord Augustus Loftus assures us that war was only staved off by "the extreme tact and spirit of conciliation

affairs have almost ceased to be food for party dissensions. This is hardly the place for a controversial disquisition. It is clear that Lord Salisbury's whole aim during his fourteen years as Foreign Minister has been to maintain peace with honour. He has gone far, too far, some think, on several occasions, to preserve it. He reads with singular insight the forces of the time and gauges the limitations of an English Minister. To secure both continuity and vigour of policy, when the reins pass from one Ministry to another, often involves serious sacrifices. It is



PEN AND INK DRAWING FROM A PHOTOGRAPH.

HATFIELD HOUSE.

evinced by Lord Salisbury in conjunction with the ability and adroitness of Count Schouvaloff."* The foreign policy of this period is indissolubly associated with the aims, real or ascribed, of Lord Beaconsfield, and upon them it is futile to look in our day for a temperate judgment. It is often said that when Lord Salisbury departed from the lines pursued by Beaconsfield and struck out for himself he found the true policy which has so commended itself to the English people that foreign

impossible, under the rule of a fickle, selfish and ill-informed democracy, to play the bold policy of Pitt or Palmerston. The day for that has gone forever. England won a great Empire by the courage and truculence of her adventurers, by waging long wars, by pouring out blood and treasure. To retain this Empire, as precious now for its commercial as its sentimental value, war must give place to patient negotiation, threat to skilful diplomacy. Of these arts Lord Salisbury, like his Elizabethan ancestor, s absolute master.

* Diplomatic Reminiscences of Lord A. Loftus, vol. ii., p. 251.

At this juncture it is impossible to offer a final opinion upon Lord Salisbury's foreign policy. In Europe he has abandoned the Turk, and has definitely pledged England to the Concert of Powers. In Asia and Africa he has, with some loss of prestige, steadily kept the peace with France and Russia, and in North America his attitude towards the United States has been one of extreme forbearance. If I were asked to define in one phrase the general character of his policy I would call it an honourable opportunism — the safest and the wisest for the Empire, but not the most exhilarating to "the man in the street," who gloriously draws his sword one day, and grumbles bitterly the next over an extra income tax of a penny in the pound. The Foreign Minister seems to have laid deeply to heart the favourite aphorism of Burghley, his great ancestor: "War is the curse and peace the blessing of God upon a nation." He appears to have struck the keynote of his course long ago, in a speech to his Stamford constituents in 1865: "In our foreign policy what we have to do is simply to perform our own part with honour, to abstain from a meddling diplomacy, to uphold England's honour steadily and fearlessly, and always to be rather prone to let action go along with words than to let it lag behind them."

In Canada a jealous eye is ever turned upon the attitude of the Imperial Government toward the United States. There has been almost a century of concession, at Canada's expense. Careless of precedent, hampered by few traditions of manner, mutual obligation or studied moderation, the Washington Government is the spoiled child of diplomacy. By his dealings with the Americans Lord Salisbury has strengthened Canadian attachment to the British connection. The abrupt dismissal of Sir Sackville West in 1888 was an affront to Great Britain. It was met by patient courtesy, but the British legation was left without a Minister until Mr. Cleveland

retired. When the Republicans came in, Mr. Blaine broke a lance with the Foreign Minister over the Behring Sea question, and the Paris arbitration proved that the one man was no match for the other. The firm intimation, during the heat of the controversy, that further seizures of vessels on the high seas would be resisted by British ironclads created a profound impression in Canada. It has been a factor in the development of Imperial feeling in Canada during recent years. Lord Salisbury has been patient, but unceasingly vigilant, and this, after all, is the key to satisfactory relations with the United States. He declined to confirm Mr. Blaine's clever move to break up united action in the fisheries question by a separate treaty with Newfoundland. The Venezuelan Message of Mr. Cleveland met with the same fine contempt for display of temper which had greeted the Sackville West episode. When the passion had subsided, Lord Salisbury was ready for an arbitration treaty which would preserve two nations, who have everything to gain and nothing to lose by peace, from relapsing into the savagery of war. Long before Mr. Chamberlain appeared upon the scene Lord Salisbury's policy shows that he kept in close touch with the Colonies, proved mindful of their interests, and was intent upon exhibiting the practicability and the reality of an Imperial unity.

A generation hence the English historian may be able, with fuller knowledge than we can possibly possess, to survey the achievements of the great Peace Minister during the last years of the nineteenth century. What we see in Lord Salisbury now are the virtues of political unselfishness, of a high moral tone in public life, of absolute devotion to his country and the sovereign—his ideal to pass on unimpaired to posterity the splendid Empire of their fathers, and in his personal career to prove that

"Not once or twice in our fair island-story,
The path of duty was the way to glory."

A. H. U. Colquhoun.

THE NICARAGUA CANAL AND THE CLAYTON-BULWER TREATY.

THE recent war with Spain and the colonial expansion that has followed it are once more strongly turning the attention of the United States to the necessity of a ship canal across the isthmus of Central America. The long and risky voyage of the warship *Oregon*, in its passage from the Pacific to the Atlantic coast of the United States, places in the strongest light the impossibility of any co-operation between the Atlantic and Pacific squadrons in case of a conflict with any first-class power. The alternative to a safe and easy communication by way of Central America must be the maintenance by the United States of two complete and independent fleets, with all their accessories except supplies capable of transport by rail.

Again, as regards commerce, there is now a colonial field in the far west which the Atlantic states are anxious to reach more cheaply than at present. The colonial field, however, is mainly looked upon merely as a key to an indefinitely expandable trade by the shores of the Pacific. The trade looked for is chiefly in cotton and iron goods, which the American manufacturers, having outgrown the home market, are now sending out in profitable competition with the rest of the world.

But much of this commercial development is possible only if a cheap and easy means of transport can be had from the Atlantic states to the Pacific.

For these reasons, chiefly, there has been a revival of interest in the Nicaragua canal project; the Nicaragua route having always been the favourite with the Americans.

But, in view of recent events, it is held that the national naval interest in the canal has become so great that it must be built under the auspices of the United States, and be controlled by them. To this view of the situation

British public opinion seems to be quite favourably inclined, provided guarantees are given as to the free and equal use of the canal for commercial purposes, and the free passage of war vessels of nations at peace with the United States.

This attitude of the British public is by no means merely the result of a new and reckless outburst of confidence in the future friendship of the United States. It does, to a certain extent, express the better feeling in the Anglo-Saxon household; but it has a very practical side also. The eye of Britain is at present very intently fixed on Egypt, and the Suez canal is held by England to be dependent upon Egypt. Some attempts were made, it is true, to establish an international guarantee of the neutrality of the Suez canal, but it was too clumsy and impracticable an idea to find concrete expression. Meantime England obtained, by purchasing shares, a controlling interest in the canal, from the purely economic point of view an immensely profitable speculation. Now she has a controlling interest in Egypt, and, under these circumstances, she by no means mourns the failure of the international guarantee of Suez neutrality. On the contrary she frankly claims for Egypt the control of the canal, and Lord Cromer took occasion to definitely express and enforce the claim in the case of the Spanish fleet last summer.

It would therefore be in the interest of British claims at Suez to admit a similar right on the part of the United States at Nicaragua. The joint guarantee of the Nicaragua canal by Great Britain and the United States would be workable only when there was no special need for it. Without joint control it could be used by Britain so long as she was at peace with the United States. But in case of a conflict with the United States a joint control would

be useless, all compacts being dissolved by war.

In the hands of the United States alone the canal would be of most value to Britain, because the United States are least likely of the great powers to be involved in a European struggle. If the Nicaragua canal were jointly controlled by the United States and Britain, and Britain were at war with a European power, the canal would be a legitimate object of attack; whereas in the hands of the Americans it could not be attacked without a direct act of hostility towards the United States, which are so strong in that part of the world that no European power would dream of attempting such aggression.

In the case of a war between Britain and the United States, whatever the previous status of the canal, the two powers would simply have to fight for the control of it, and, without doubt, it would soon be rendered impassable either by one or the other.

England, therefore, has nothing to lose but much to gain by permitting the canal to be built and controlled by the United States, with the simple stipulation that it be open on equal terms to the commerce and navies of all countries at peace with that power.

But the Clayton-Bulwer Treaty at present stands in the way of such an arrangement, and, in considering the effects of the abolition or modification of this treaty, several questions at once arise. What are the terms of the treaty? Why was it made, and under what conditions? Was it wise or necessary at the time, and, if so, what changes have occurred to render it less so now? To attempt an answer to these questions is the chief object of this article.

The Clayton-Bulwer Treaty is one whose nature seems to be very imperfectly understood by the parties most interested. Even in so accurate a work of reference as Professor Nichol's *Tables of European and American History*, the treaty is set down as dealing with fisheries. At different times, in the United States Congress, discussions have taken place, and bills have

been introduced with reference to the proposed Nicaragua canal, apparently in complete ignorance of the existence, or at least the provisions of this treaty. We need not wonder, therefore, if the general public should be a little hazy on the subject.

The following very condensed sketch of the treaty and of its atmosphere, is based upon the British and American state papers relating to it, and numerous contemporary accounts of the condition of affairs at the time.

In 1849, when the question of the canal first came up for discussion, the general situation of the United States was in many respects similar to that of to-day. The country was in the midst of a period of enormous expansion. It had just acquired an immense amount of new territory, most of which had once formed part of the Spanish Empire in America.

In California, part of the new territory, gold had just been discovered, and the rush to the west was at its height. The Pacific coast having suddenly acquired the highest interest, the all-absorbing question was how best to reach it. The overland route was long, difficult and expensive. Steam shipping, however, was in the flush of its first practical development. But steamships, especially coasting vessels, did not care to risk the voyage round Cape Horn. Under these conditions routes were soon established across Central America, connecting with lines of steamships on the Atlantic and Pacific coasts.

The trade of the country increased rapidly, speculation was rife, prosperity and expansion were in the air. While Europe, with the exception of Britain, was in the throes of revolution and apparent decay, the American Republic seemed to be renewing its youth and entering upon an era of progress and expansion, which was the astonishment of the world, and the limits of which no one dared to predict.

Though Britain was fairly prosperous under her lately adopted system of free trade, yet the marvellous stories

from America were irresistible for thousands of her people. Between 1847 and 1852 Britain sent directly to the United States at least 1,250,000 of her population.

Canada stood aside, an anxious on-looker weighted with heavy burdens and not sharing in her neighbour's good fortune. Her leading commercial men became discouraged, and demanded either annexation or some other means of sharing in the great prosperity of the United States.

There is little need to marvel that, under these circumstances, the Americans, given to self-congratulation over growing times, and none too well ballasted by men of wide knowledge and mature reflection, should have given expression to sentiments betraying at once ignorance and arrogance. In this temper they were equally impatient of restraint at home, and recklessly defiant towards all outsiders.

The natural anxiety of the commercial element of the east to take full advantage of the unknown possibilities of the Pacific, inevitably suggested the great importance of a waterway across the isthmus of Central America. From the first the American engineers and capitalists favoured the Nicaragua route by the San Juan river and the Nicaragua lake, with a twelve mile cut to the Pacific.

The east coast of this part of Central America, owing to its low elevation, heavy rain-fall and steaming tropical atmosphere, was practically uninhabited by Europeans. It barely permitted the existence of the few miserable tribes of Carib Indians who found there an asylum from the all-grasping hand of Spain. The Spaniards had indeed claimed all this territory, from an early date, but had found it neither profitable nor possible to exercise active dominion. The Spanish settlements were confined to the strip of high land along the Pacific coast.

When, after the decay and overthrow of the Spanish power upon the mainland, a number of independent, though ill defined republics succeeded, they claimed the same Empire as Spain, yet

maintained their sovereignty with an even less steady hand.

From a very early time in the history of Jamaica British merchants had cut mahogany and kept up a desultory trade with the Indians of the east coast, especially around the mouth of the San Juan River. The Mosquitos being the chief tribe in that region, the territory came to be known as the Mosquito Coast.

Until 1844 Nicaragua does not seem to have made any serious, or, at any rate, successful efforts to assert her sovereignty over the territory occupied by the Mosquitos. About that year, however, complaints were made to the British authorities in Jamaica that the Mosquitos were suffering aggression on the part of the neighbouring Spanish-American States. The port of San Juan, at the mouth of the river of that name, had been seized by Nicaragua. The British, finding their interests threatened, finally took up the cause of the Mosquitos, acknowledged their independent sovereignty, and, in January, 1848, forcibly took possession of San Juan in the name of the Mosquito chief or king. They changed the name of the place to Greytown, in honour, apparently, of the Governor of Jamaica.

At this time there were three claimants to this port and the territory along the banks of the San Juan, namely, the Mosquito Indians, and the Spanish-American States of Nicaragua and Costa Rica. The Mosquito Indians were, for all national purposes, represented by a few Englishmen, who found the management of their affairs profitable if not pleasant.

Now it was just at this juncture that the American Pacific developments suddenly caused the port and river of San Juan to become of very great importance as necessary links in the newly proposed transportation route across the isthmus. While England was taking up the cause of the Mosquitos, the agent of the United States for Central America, a Mr. Hise, had been sedulously cultivating the favour of the Government of Nicaragua,

which laid claim to the whole route. Mr. Hise, having convinced himself of the importance of the cause and the need for promptness of action, without waiting for instructions from Washington, concluded a treaty with Nicaragua by which he secured for his country the exclusive right of way for a canal or other means of transportation across Nicaragua, including the San Juan river and port. In return the United States were to guarantee Nicaragua in the possession of her just territorial and sovereign rights, whatever these might turn out to be.

The United States Government had already been made aware of the action of Britain in seizing Greytown in the name of the Mosquito chief. When, therefore, Mr. Hise's enterprising treaty reached Mr. Clayton, the Secretary of State, he immediately foresaw trouble. Mr. Hise had, undoubtedly, secured a very valuable concession for the United States, the knowledge of which would give joy to most Americans. But to carry out the treaty might involve trouble with Great Britain, and Mr. Clayton was evidently afraid of the consequences of the jingoistic temper of his countrymen should they find a necessary step in their forward career blocked by a foreign power.

Mr. Clayton hastened to call upon Mr. Crampton, who then represented Great Britain at Washington. He frankly explained to him the situation, saying that he did not approve of the treaty made by Mr. Hise. Though naturally anxious to provide for a canal connecting the two oceans, yet he did not covet for the United States the exclusive advantage from the canal, but was willing that it should be open to all the world.

Mr. Hise was recalled, and a Mr. Squier sent in his place, with instructions not to negotiate any treaty that might bring the United States into conflict with any other power.

In Central America, Mr. Squier met, as the representative of Britain, a Mr. Chatfield. These two gentlemen soon fell foul of each other, their heads

being evidently slightly turned by the dignity of representing two great powers, in connection with an important matter, in the midst of weak but self-important little States. Suspecting each other's designs, and having as material upon which to work the very plastic and uncertain politicians of the Central American States, they were soon in a whirl of Spanish-American intrigue. Squier expounded to the delighted Central Americans, the Monroe Doctrine in its most flattering form. Chatfield, less convincing in argument, was more successful in stratagem. Had they been permitted to have their own way, they would soon have had their respective countries plunged in war. Fortunately, the superior naval officers on either side, with greater sense of responsibility, refused to comply with their belligerent demands.

In the meantime Squier had negotiated another treaty with Nicaragua, Sept. 3rd, 1849, and Chatfield one with Costa Rica. Squier's was less objectionable than that of Hise, but still gave certain exclusive privileges to the United States. Under it, provision was made for the construction of the canal by an American company called "The American Atlantic and Pacific Ship Canal Co.," whose Nicaraguan charter was dated Aug. 27th, 1849. The chief personage in the company was Cornelius Vanderbilt.

The United States Government was evidently afraid that Great Britain, in seizing the port of San Juan and taking the insignificant Mosquitos under her protection, was intent on grasping and colonizing the whole region of Central America, and eventually commanding the entire route of the proposed canal. While desiring to avoid a conflict with Britain, they were most anxious to prevent her from getting a permanent hold upon that part of the isthmus. Hence the United States Government, both through Mr. Clayton in Washington, and through Mr. Lawrence in London, disavowed any intention on their part of acquiring territory in Central America, and invited

Britain to give like assurances. At the same time the Americans invited the British to co-operate with them in guaranteeing the neutrality of the Nicaragua route. To these proposals Britain agreed in general terms, and these mutual declarations became the basis for the negotiation of the treaty.

The position at this time is well summed up by Mr. Lawrence in a communication to Lord Palmerston, then Foreign Secretary. "Great Britain and the United States both profess to desire to see constructed highways from the Atlantic to the Pacific; both wish to see those highways properly guarded during construction and after completion; both desire to see them, when finished, placed upon such a basis as will entitle them to the confidence of the world. Each has an interest in them approached only by that of the other. For Great Britain they will open new and shorter routes to her Eastern Empire; for the United States they will be the bridge connecting the Atlantic with the Pacific States, and consolidating their vast territory; above all, for the world, by opening new avenues for its commerce, and greater facilities for friendly intercourse, they will offer strong guarantees for the continuance of peace and the increase of good will."

Negotiations having proceeded sufficiently far to indicate the prospect of a settlement, Sir Henry Lytton Bulwer was sent out to Washington with the necessary powers and instructions from Lord Palmerston.

He was entrusted with the double mission of securing, as far as possible, the admission of the Canadians to a share in the prosperity of the United States, and of making some definite arrangement with reference to the proposed canal. The first object he attained, as far as the President and his Cabinet were concerned, but to ultimately secure the passage of the Reciprocity Treaty through the United States Senate, required the further diplomatic and prandial exertions of Lord Elgin. The second object he attained in the Clayton-Bulwer Treaty.

Bulwer's despatches to Lord Palmerston showed that he rapidly and accurately took the measure of the situation in the United States. He recognized that if any pacific settlement of the canal question was to be secured, it must be accomplished before the matter got into the hands of Congress. There was little or no popular interest in the question in Britain, but in the United States it was an all-absorbing one. The papers were filled with all manner of shrewd guesses and wild surmises as to what was going on behind the diplomatic curtain. The Executive, it was said, was sacrificing valuable concessions granted to the United States by Central American States; and when Congress met, the Senate began to clamour for the official papers in the matter. Meanwhile, Squier and Chatfield were playing their heavy tragedy to an admiring gallery in Central America, and their doings were reflected, in more or less sensational form, in the American papers.

Diplomatic procrastination, so useful in many cases, was plainly dangerous here. Bulwer, therefore, took advantage of the full powers given him, and, with Clayton, drew up the articles of a convention covering the central features of the canal question, leaving details to be settled afterwards. These were submitted to Palmerston and the President and approved. After a few changes, made in the interest of clearness, and some additions, to remove the suspicions of the Senate's Foreign Relations Committee as to the colonial designs of Britain in Central America, the treaty was definitely concluded on April 9th, 1850.

It takes the form of a Convention "relative to the establishment of a communication by ship canal between the Atlantic and Pacific oceans." The following is a summary of its provisions:

I. Each Government formally renounces all claim, at any time, to any exclusive control over any ship canal by way of the San Juan river, the Nicaragua and Managua lakes, and any port on the Pacific. Nor will either

erect, or maintain any fortifications commanding the same, or occupy, colonize, or exercise dominion over any part of Central America. And any commercial advantage or interest which one obtains from any state or government along the line of the canal, shall be offered on the same terms to the other.

II. In case of war between Great Britain and the United States, vessels of either power, using the canal, shall be free from attack by the other, both within the canal and for a certain distance from each end of it, this distance to be fixed afterwards.

III. Both Governments undertake to protect any legally chartered and responsible company while building the canal.

IV. Each Government undertakes to use its good offices and influence with the states along the line of the canal to aid and facilitate its construction.

V. Both Governments, when the canal is completed, undertake to protect it from interruption or seizure, and to guarantee its neutrality, on condition that the company operating it shall maintain a fair and impartial attitude towards the shipping and commerce of each nation. In case of either withdrawing from the convention on this ground, it shall give six months' notice to the other.

VI. Each power shall use its influence with all other powers to induce them to enter into these same stipulations with reference to the canal, and each will make such treaty arrangements with the states along the route of the canal as will facilitate its construction and maintenance.

VII. That the work may be undertaken as soon as possible, both Governments will give their support to the first properly chartered company, with adequate capital, that undertakes to build the canal in accordance with the terms of this convention. The terms of this article are so stated as to cover, without expressly mentioning it, the existing company, should it conform to the terms of the convention.

VIII. The two Governments, desiring not only to accomplish a special object, but to establish a general principle, agree to extend their protection to any other practicable communication, whether by canal or railway, across the isthmus, and especially to any by way of Tehuantepec or Panama, provided the parties constructing and operating them shall impose just and equitable conditions of use and traffic for the ships and commerce of the two contracting powers, and any others that may enter into similar agreements.

Next came the task of settling with the Central American states as to the security of the route of the canal. When it was found impossible to come to any agreement as to the conflicting claims of Nicaragua, Costa Rica and the Mosquitos, it was suggested that by means of the friendly offices of Great Britain and the United States, jointly exercised, these states might be coerced into some convenient agreement with each other, as regards at least the territory immediately along the route of the canal. To this Britain had assented in general terms, undertaking to get the consent of the Mosquitos to the use of Greytown, at the mouth of the San Juan, as a free port. She also undertook to secure the free navigation of the river as far as the territories claimed by the Mosquitos and the state of Costa Rica were concerned, if the United States would undertake to do the same for that part of the route which lay through the undisputed territory of Nicaragua.

This, it was hoped, would secure the route of the canal, while still committing no one to a definite declaration on the matters in dispute between the three states. This, however, was found impossible. After the signing of the treaty, which, as we have seen, required that neither Britain nor the United States should maintain any protectorate, or acquire any exclusive privileges in any of these territories, it became necessary to leave the exercise of sovereignty, in maintaining the peace and otherwise supporting the necessary

local jurisdiction, in the hands of the local governments. Once the disputed jurisdiction over the canal route was settled, it was thought that this power might be left in the hands of Nicaragua and Costa Rica. But Britain recognized the impossibility of handing over the administration of Greytown and the lower part of the San Juan River to the Mosquito Indians. Yet, having definitely and actively defended the cause of the Mosquitos against Nicaragua, she was averse to giving it over to that state. She therefore proposed, accepting a suggestion of Lawrence, that sovereignty over that part of the canal should be given to Costa Rica in return for certain concessions to the Mosquitos. She at the same time proposed a settlement of the disputes between Nicaragua and Costa Rica, as to the territory along the San Juan. To this, however, Nicaragua would not listen.

At last Bulwer consented, in July, 1851, that Nicaragua should obtain Greytown, on condition of giving certain guarantees as to the independence of the Mosquitos, and granting other concessions to Costa Rica. To this Mr. Webster, who had succeeded Clayton, advised the Nicaraguans to consent.

No definite conclusion, however, was reached before Bulwer returned to England in August 1851, after which Mr. Crampton resumed charge of the British interests at Washington.

Immediately after this the internal affairs of Nicaragua fell into disorder, resulting in revolution and the prolonged Filibuster war. A stable form of government was not re-established until the adoption of the new constitution in 1858. By that time the domestic politics of the United States were in such a condition as to exclude all thoughts of the canal project.

Nothing more was done till 1880, when the project was once more revived. But interest lagged again while the Panama Canal was being constructed. The collapse of that undertaking gave the Nicaragua scheme new life.

From 1889 to 1891 about \$4,000,000 were spent on it. Nicaragua, however, could not stand prosperity. It underwent a boom, which developed the most flagrant political and economic corruption, and this in turn brought about the revolution of 1893. Then came the troubles with Britain in 1894.

President Cleveland appointed a board of experts to report on the feasibility of the canal in 1895. But in 1896 another revolution swept the country. At the present time still another commission is investigating the route.

The history of the whole subject seems to justify the following conclusions. It is impossible that such an important work as this canal should be built and maintained under the auspices of any Central American State. It is no remedy for this defect to provide a guarantee of neutrality by any outside powers, the real difficulty being instability within those states. If it is to be built at all, it must be under the direct auspices and control of some strong government. Unquestionably the only government which answers to the requirements of the situation is that of the United States. The circumstances under which the treaty became a necessity having vanished, and the good intentions of the treaty having been proved by experience to be impracticable, it should no longer be permitted to block the way of a most important enterprise. As already stated, all that is required in its place is a pledge on the part of the United States as to the use of the canal, on the same terms as for their own vessels, by those of all nations at peace with the United States, and subject to the rules of international law in times of war.

Given a free hand, the United States would no doubt obtain what they have already been offered, the concession of a strip of territory including the route of the canal. With the undertaking under the control of a strong power much capital could readily be obtained that now refuses to face the uncertainties of investment under any Central American Government.

Adam Shortt.

A STORY OF KITCHENER.

IN Bishareen tents, throughout Dongalese bazaars, and on the caravan trail, they tell this story.

The House of Lords knows nothing about it. It is something that one of its latest-called members doesn't wish to talk about, that the Arab does not wish divulged. But it is worth telling.

Lord Kitchener of Khartoum—he was a big man fifteen years ago, but few recognized it except the Arab, who knew Kitchener and the force of his personality. He had seen him in the bazaars of Suakim, Cairo and Assouan, and he had learned to fear the man who had learned the ways and language of his own people. There was no home-going in the early eighties for this man of action when leaves of absence were granted to the young lieutenant of Engineers in the Egyptian army with the rank of captain. They were spent in Arab villages, in crowded bazaars and on desert oases. His superiors recognized the value of the man, and the “leaves” were extended, and for two years he wandered from the Red Sea to Berber, from Cairo to Abu Hamed. He talked trade and commerce with the cross-legged merchant between the whiffs of his chibouk in Dongola, and Soudanese politics with Bishareen sheiks by the palm-shaded wells in the middle of the great Libyan desert.

And there came a time when the ramblings of Lieut. Kitchener throughout North-Eastern Africa became valuable enough to change the history of the world's greatest continent.

Kitchener has captured Khartoum and avenged the tragedy of Gordon. The marvellous success which overcame the difficulties that had confused the minds of half-a-dozen Khedives and the genius of a Gordon—the conquest of the Soudan—has come to him.

It was merely an incident when Lord Kitchener of Khartoum, Sirdar

of Egypt, was only Chief of the Intelligence Corps under Lord Wolselæy, on the Gordon Relief Expedition, but it may go some way to explain that success.

It was away back in January, 1885, immediately after news of the incomplete battle of Abouklea, with all its alarming details, had come in—the leader, Sir Herbert Stewart, fatally wounded, Burnaby killed, a side of a British square broken, no prisoners, a sailor, Lord Beresford, in command, and all communication broken off; these, with rushing cataracts behind us, a laggard Cabinet in London, and the fate of Stewart's flying column in doubt, were things that made our Commander-in-Chief and a few thousand men think. Things were at a tension at Korti, the base of operations, in those days. You could see it in each other's faces; you could feel it in the air. And treachery by our Dongalese allies was feared, was almost known.

The Mudir of Dongola, who was more than suspected of being a Mahdist, was in camp. English sovereigns and bayonets had changed his politics for the time being, but several thousand traitors living in your midst, creates an unpleasant feeling. Britishers as we were, we felt nervous, not in a timid sense, but just the nervousness of doubt. Men can be brigaded, put into all sorts of regiments, and read historical stories about Blenheim and Waterloo in the regimental library until their eyes are sore, but a besetting nervousness pervades an individual, Briton or no Briton, when the feeling gradually steals over him that a few hundred thousand gentlemen of the Arab persuasion are promenading around the neighbourhood with an intense Moslem idea of religiously carving him up carelessly with a two-handed sword. Two-handed swords in the hands of an athletic, aggressive gentle-

man, who is labouring under an impression that he is dead-sure of Heaven if he dies in his carving efforts, are disagreeable things. And Tommy Atkins, lifting his mind from 'baccy and grub, understood this.

Kitchener understood it also, but he particularly understood the seriousness of the Dongalese conspiracy, and Major Kitchener—he was Major at the time of the Nile expedition—disappeared. Good, nice, conventional people might object to the manner of his disappearance. But, unfortunately, war is not conducted on good, nice, conventional principles. If it were, the British Empire would not have been a greater power than Rome ever was, and we would not be nearly as rich and comfortable as we are. People don't think of these things over their tea-cups, or in dressing-gown and slippers. Clive and Warren Hastings were hounded to their deaths, but there is many a household living in ease and comfort who read with sympathetic indignation Macaulay's indictments, who owe their livelihood to the provinces conquered by fraud and bloodshed—and I will complete that story of Kitchener.

I had met the future Sirdar as a quasi voyageur-correspondent would meet an officer, around the camel-dung fire, in various cantonments on the river. He appeared to me as an easy-going English gentleman, but with a look of latent energy in the strong face and well-knit figure. He was much talked about by soldiers and voyageurs. There was an attractive mysticism to Tommy Atkins about the man who was supposed to have interviewed Gordon in Khartoum and had served in the Mahdi's household for weeks in Omdurman. He was an Arabian Nights' character to them—a sort of Haroun al Raschid, and many a long, weary day on the river, when the wind was favourable and both sails bellied, was brightened by the visionary stories of the doings of the Chief of the Intelligence Corps, the Chief of the Secret Service. Oftentimes I was lulled to sleep in the Canadian camps by tales of

the daring adventures of the best "scout," they called him, in the Sudan.

That January night I was scribbling in the tent which I shared with half-a-dozen others, by the light of a candle procured by flagrant bribery and corruption from the Ordnance stores, when Jim McBurney, a Canadian voyageur, dropped in. He said there was trouble again in the Dongalese camp. Jim was always looking for trouble. He wanted me to go with him and see the fun. I was a youngster then, and had no objections to any species of fun, so I laid my pencil down and listened. "You know," my Irish-Canadian friend went on, "about fifty or sixty Baggara and Bishareen Arabs came in the other day from Merawi and hired like the Dongalese in the boat-hauling business, and these mixed with the Mudir of Dongola's two regiments of Bashi-Bazouks, so what with this mixture the plotting devils have come to some disagreement, and they have been scrappin' and chewin' the rag for a week. By the signs, I guess there's goin' to be a Donnybrook to-night." Jim, who was a Canadian riverman and therefore dearly loved a fight, was a dangerous man to travel with when blows were struck in the vicinity, so I told him that there were several thousand Canadians at home languishing to know how we were relieving Gordon, and I wasn't after trouble. He insisted—and I went.

They were at it, a couple of hundred of them it seemed. The Dongalese were in the majority, but they were a miserable crowd, the scum of the city of Dongola, and the spirit of the desert Arabs and the ferocity of the Bashi-Bazouks made up for the superiority in numbers. It could hardly be said to be a fight. It was more like a political ruction, a melee, with scattered fights throughout the crowd. McBurney showed them what a fight could be.

"There is one of those sons of guns that let my boat go when hauling me up Ambigol." And I knew the lust of battle was on McBurney. He jumped

from my side into the thick of the crowd. That was a nice position to leave an otherwise self-respecting voyageur-correspondent, who was perfectly indifferent regarding Soudanese politics except in so far as they provided "copy." There were ten or twelve Dongalese surrounding him, and I knew he soon would be down; for wasn't he one of the hated infidels. McBurney was good for six, or it may be seven, Dongalese at any time, but the additional four or five were proving too many for him. I joined him—and we wound up in the guard tent. There were about a dozen Arabs of various complexions with us.

The affair didn't bother McBurney or myself very much. We knew that Canadian voyageurs would be released in the morning after going through a little formality before a subaltern.

I was listening to the regrets of McBurney at having only got one punch at the man who had nearly drowned him at Ambigol when a tall man, tied apparently hand and foot, was thrown amongst us. I thought he looked a different brand of Arab than I had been accustomed to. He was; he was Kitchener. He was after the conspiracy.

I didn't know much Arabic in those days, but we could hear the Dongalese—they were all Dongalese—talk and talk in excited tones the whole night, the bound man occasionally saying a few words.

When we paraded in and before the large open-faced orderly tent next morning we were almost paralyzed to see Lord Wolseley himself seated at the little table with Kitchener beside him, both in full staff uniform.

McBurney whispered, "How did he

know we were run in? He's come to let us off, seein' we're Canucks." But we seemed to have been forgotten. A tall, fine looking Arab, the handsomest Dongalese Arab I ever saw, was being examined through the interpreter. He didn't seem impressed by the glittering uniforms or the presence of the Commander-in-chief, or embarrassed by their questions. Once or twice an expression of surprise flitted over his face, but his eyes were always fixed on Kitchener, who would now and again stoop and whisper something in Lord Wolseley's ear. Once he raised his voice. The prisoner heard its intonation and recognized him. With a fierce bound, the long, lithe Arab made a spring and was over the table, and had seized Kitchener by the throat. There was a short swift struggle. Wolseley's eye glistened and he half-drew his sword. Kitchener, athletic as he was, was being overpowered, and the Arab was throttling him to death. There was a rush of the guard—, and within ten minutes a cordon of sentries surrounded the Mudir of Dongola's tent. Within three days he was a prisoner in his palace at Dongola, guarded by half a battalion of British soldiers. The conspiracy was broken.

How widespread it was, only half-a-dozen white men knew at that time, but that it embraced the Courts of the Khedive, the Mudir and the Mahdi leaked out in after years. To it the treachery of the Egyptian garrison at Khartoum and the death of Gordon was due, and the preservation of the desert column can be placed to its discovery. The powerful Bishareen tribe and their allies remained loyal—or bought.

Charles Lewis Shaw.



ST. JOHN AS A WINTER PORT.

ALONG with the development of Canada and the growth of her transatlantic trade has come a more general recognition of the importance of directing that trade as far as possible through Canadian channels. So far as summer business was concerned, the great St. Lawrence route solved the problem but, until the winter of 1894-95, practically the whole of the winter ocean trade of the country west of the Maritime Provinces was carried on through the ports of Portland, New York and Boston. The fact appears to be, the public interest was so completely centred in the great west that the east had to be re-discovered before the Maritime Province ports could come into their own. It was ten years after the extension of the Canadian Pacific Railway to the port of St. John before the current of western trade began to flow in that direction, and not then until the people of the city had put their hands deep into their pockets to equip the port for the handling of this through traffic. Two years elapsed before the mail subsidies granted to steamships making their terminus at a foreign port were withdrawn.

We are now in the fourth season of winter port trade through St. John, and the second since the withdrawal of the mail subsidies from steamships having their terminus at Portland, Me. The growth of traffic has been continuous and even greater, in so brief a period, than the citizens anticipated. From the close of navigation on the St. Lawrence last fall until Jan. 31st, the steamers running to Liverpool, Glasgow, Manchester, Belfast and Dublin, had cleared with cargo to the value of more than three millions of dollars, of which

almost one-half originated in the Western States, coming to St. John for re-shipment from Chicago, Minneapolis and Kansas city. Had earlier action been taken and a steamship company secured this season to carry on the direct London service, which moved a large amount of valuable cargo in the preceding seasons, the figures would make a still more favourable showing. There is a regular fortnightly service via Halifax to London but the steamers are comparatively small. While the steamers of the Allan, Dominion and Manchester lines call at Halifax, the whole of their cargo, except a few hundred tons, is taken at St. John, which is the Atlantic terminus of the Canadian Pacific Railway. The people of St. John have contended that all the more important steamship services to the port should be direct, giving to Halifax also whatever direct services its ability to provide cargo would warrant. This view, however, has not yet prevailed in official quarters. St. John's claim in this regard is based on the facts that a direct service is a better service in these days of keen competition, and that full cargoes can be got at St. John, without the necessity of calling at any other port.



ST. JOHN—A HARBOUR VIEW.



VIEW OF ST. JOHN HARBOUR FROM THE EAST SIDE.

It is a long step to have overcome the prejudice, apathy, selfish interests, or all combined, which have in the past operated against a recognition of the just claims of the Maritime Province ports, and the citizens of St. John, with the record of these four seasons of almost phenomenal development of through traffic, are inspired by feelings of the most hopeful confidence. Each year has seen more and larger steamers in the port; and still larger ones, now building, are assured for next winter; while the demand for more wharves and warehouses at the Canadian Pacific terminus has already become so urgent as to receive the most serious attention of the railway corporation, the Board of Trade and City Council. In addition, two steamship berths and an elevator are to be constructed this year at the Inter-colonial railway terminus, at the head of the harbour, the Minister of Railways and his colleagues being convinced that the Government railway is destined to control an important share in the steadily increasing volume of through traffic.

In a valuable book on St. John as a Winter Port,* issued recently by a joint committee of the Board of Trade and City Council, this sentence occurs: "St. John offers equally low rates, equally or more prompt delivery, perfect safety in transit, and all the advantages any foreign port can offer, with some distinctly its own." It is the recognition of these claims, long urged on the people of Canada, that explains the recent rapid development of St. John as a winter port.

Half a century ago leading men of the city declared it must in time become the winter port of the Canada of that day. That was prior to Confederation and before the active period of railway construction and communication. The claim was based on geographical grounds, and on the possession of a fine harbour, open throughout the year. At that time the great western country was as yet a hunting ground, and did not enter, to any large extent, into the calculations even of those who dreamed of a confederation of existing provinces. Confederation, railway construction in the east, the absorption of all the great west and the completion of the Canadian Pacific Railway from ocean to ocean were in due time accomplished; and along with this development came an enlargement of the views of the hopeful people of St. John. Time, they held, and national necessities must vindicate their claims and establish St. John as the chief winter port of the Dominion. Had they been merely content, however, to leave to time the solution of the problem, the commercial history of the city for the past four years would not have been written. But as soon as the extension of the Canadian Pacific Railway brought the port into close communication with the west the campaign of education assumed an aggres-

* Copies of this book can be got on application to the Secretary, Board of Trade, St. John, N.B.

ST. JOHN—THE BRIDGES AND "REVERSIBLE FALLS."





ST. JOHN—IN ROCKWOOD PARK.

sive form. By resolutions of the Board of Trade and city council, by speeches in Parliament, by memorials, by personal and individual effort, and through the medium of the press, the attention of the public was directed to the claims and the aims of St. John. And faith was proved by works. A short branch railway, owned by the Federal Government, and which gave the Canadian Pacific Railway access to the water front on the west side of the harbour, was purchased by the city for \$40,000 and presented to the railway corporation. Several years having passed without satisfactory results, the city expended a large amount of money in wharf and warehouse construction. The next step was a grant of \$40,000 toward the construction of a grain elevator for the railway company. The campaign of education was meantime prosecuted with vigour. The Board of Trade was especially active and persistent, and a visit to Montreal, Toronto and other upper provincial cities by Mr. W. S. Fisher, then president of the board, produced excellent results. He addressed boards of trade, talked with merchants, presented facts and figures, and forcibly advanced the claims of the Canadian winter port.

And every St. John man who took a trip westward felt that he had a mission to perform. In time the agitation produced its effect. Public attention

was arrested, and public interest aroused; and at last, in the winter of 1894-95, came the period of experiment. A Government subsidy was granted to the Beaver line of steamers for a fortnightly Liverpool service; to the Donaldson line for a Glasgow service; and the subsidy for the existing Furness line service to London was increased for the season. Only thirty-six sailings were provided for, but the result was so eminently satisfactory that for the winter of 1895-96 the subsidies were renewed, and an additional

one granted to the Head line steamers for a monthly service to Belfast and Dublin. So rapidly did trade develop that in the next summer (1896) increased facilities had to be provided, and by further large civic expenditure the number of steamship berths was increased to five, with necessary warehouses and cattle sheds. A great deal of dredging and heavy construction work was involved. A small annual subsidy was granted by the Provincial Government, and the Federal Government gave assistance in the work of dredging, but the outlay by the city was very large. It is estimated that St. John has itself expended over one half of a million in terminal facilities for this western trade, which is certainly a creditable record for a city of less than fifty thousand people. In the matter of port charges the city has also made notable concessions in the interest of trade development. Last year the Canadian Pacific Railway enlarged its elevator to a capacity of over a million bushels, and provided additional track accommodation.

But already, as stated in a preceding paragraph, the demand for a further extension of terminal facilities is urgent. Having proved their claim respecting the merits of the port, and made a very large expenditure in providing needful harbour works, the citizens feel that in the further prosecu-

tion of what is, in a very important sense, a national enterprise, they deserve something more than the moral support of the country at large. The past record of the port proves, however, that they will not be content merely to sit down and wait. To be "everlastingly at it" is a characteristic of the citizens wherever the interests of the place are involved.

In the spring of 1898 Mr. George Robertson, then mayor of the city, was sent to Great Britain. He addressed the chambers of commerce in leading cities, and in other ways directed attention to the advantages of St. John, and was so successful that leading journals in Liverpool, Manchester, Bristol and elsewhere printed extended reports of his speeches and devoted leaders to a discussion of the subjects presented. Mr. Robertson also interviewed the Rt. Hon. Mr. Goschen and Joseph Chamberlain, and pressed upon the Admiralty authorities the importance, from the imperial standpoint, of an imperial subsidy toward the construction of a great modern dry dock at the port of St. John. This project has been endorsed and concessions granted by the St. John City Council, and the prospect for construction of the dock, at a cost of about a million dollars, is declared by its promoters to be very favourable.

With respect to the future of the winter port trade, the services to Liverpool, Manchester, Glasgow, London, Belfast and Dublin will, of course, be continued, and some of them enlarged. Care will, doubtless, be taken to secure a renewal of the direct London service, and a line of steamers to Bristol is expected



ST. JOHN—KING STREET.

shortly to materialize. The business of the present season will be very much larger than that of 1897-98, and next winter will assuredly show a still greater development. Goods from Liverpool for Toronto have been landed in the latter city more quickly via St. John than via Portland, in a fair competition. Goods from Liverpool via St. John can be landed in Chicago many hours ahead of goods via New York. The fact that grain, flour, lard, fresh and cured meats, glucose, corn oil, cattle and other cargo is sent from Chicago and other western cities via St. John to Liverpool, making up a considerable portion of the through business, proves the favourable position of the New Brunswick port. During the winter



ST. JOHN—KING SQUARE.



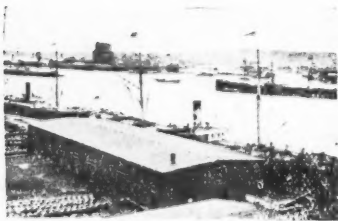
LOOKING SEAWARD



ABOVE THE BRIDGE.



A PARK VIEW.



A HARBOUR VIEW.

of 1897-98 United States produce to the value of \$1,357,153 was so transhipped at St. John, and up to Jan. 31st of the present season the value had already amounted to \$1,500,000. The possession of two competing lines of railway, reaching out through Canada, and by their connections tapping sources of supply in the Western and Southern States, is greatly to the advantage of St. John. There are two other lines, one through central New Brunswick into Quebec, and the other along the southern shore into Maine, but these are not yet factors in through traffic. Many times there has been a revival of a rumour that the Grand Trunk Railway sought an independent line to St. John, but nothing in that direction has actually transpired.

The effect of the development of ocean trade through St. John will, of course, have in time a marked effect on the industrial and agricultural life of the Province of New Brunswick. The people will not long be content to see the products of western farms and stock-yards passing their doors to a profitable market without taking steps to secure the share of this trade to which their fertile soil and proximity to the seaboard entitle them. Given ready means of access to the British market, the rest is comparatively easy. The development of new branches of the lumber industry will also occur. New Brunswick possesses in her millions of acres of woodland, enormous wealth. In 1898 forest products to the value of \$2,987,756 were exported from St. John alone; and in 1897, a phenomenal year, the amount was \$3,938,379. These exports went to the British Islands, United States, West Indies, South America, Australia, France, Spain, Holland and North and South Africa. But the shipments were almost wholly in the form of deals and other long lumber, and laths and shingles. An impetus, has, however, been given to the production of box material, both hard and soft wood, for British factories; and the tendency is steadily, though still slowly, toward the more finished products of wood-working es-

tablishments. The pulp industry, too, is being rapidly developed. A large mill, erected by Scottish capital, has just been completed on the bay shore ten miles from St. John; and a fifty-ton mill, in the construction and operation of which a large amount of English capital has been guaranteed, is likely to be erected in the city suburbs within the next two years. Experts testify that the location, natural advantages and wealth of necessary raw materials make St. John an exceptionally favourable centre for the prosecution of the pulp and paper industry. One of the advantages of St. John as a winter port is that lumber cargo is always available, if for any reason there should be a shortage of other freight.

The purpose and limits of this article will not permit an extended reference to the history of the city of St. John. Founded in 1783 by Loyalists, its

position at the mouth of a magnificent river, over 450 miles long, at once marked it as a great centre of the lumbering and ship-building industries. In time St. John became the fourth ship-owning port in the British Empire. Later, its commercial men invested in iron ships, built in England. Still later, as steam gradually drove the old time sailing ships from the sea, St. John capital found investment in steamers, and a line of new and modern freight steamships is now managed and largely owned in the city. But,

of course, with the decline of wooden ships much capital either melted away or sought new fields of enterprise. In 1877 fire destroyed the business portion of the city. The loss was estimated to be about \$30,000,000. From this awful blow the sturdy citizens rose with undaunted courage, and built a finer city on the ruins of the old.

Its position makes St. John an admirable distributing centre for the trade of the Maritime Provinces. Apart from the dozen or more of large lumber mills and the loading of ships,

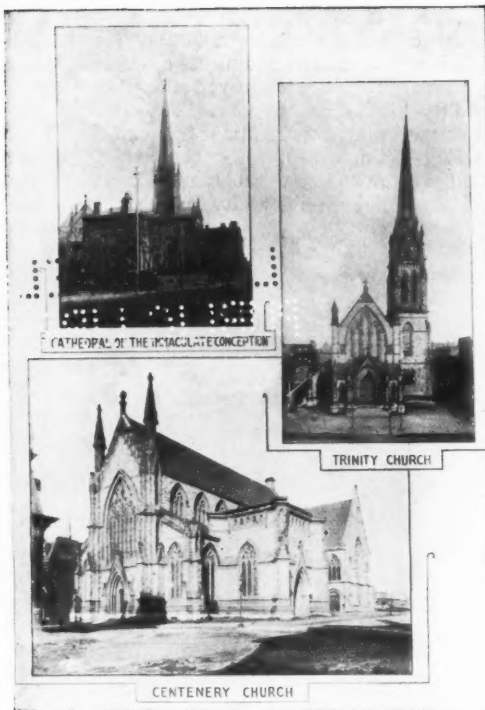
no single industry employs a very large number of persons; but there are two cotton mills and a large number of factories, which turn out a great variety of products, and in the aggregate give employment to thousands.

The fish trade of St. John is also important, for the Bay of Fundy yields

salmon, halibut, cod, haddock, hake, pollock, herring, lobsters, shad and alewives, and the export of cured fish to the West Indies, the United States and Western Canada represents a large amount of money. The lime industry was extensively prosecuted until a practically prohibitive duty deprived the operators of the United States market. Close to the city are enormous deposits of limestone. The proximity of Nova Scotia coal and iron, with cheap water carriage, joined to other advantages, leads sanguine



ST. JOHN—A MARTELLLO TOWER.
(Built in 1812.)



THREE ST. JOHN CHURCHES.

citizens to believe that the building of iron ships will yet become a great St. John industry.

St. John has a large trade with the West Indies, and for the last year or two the Board of Trade has been urging on the Federal Government the necessity for a more direct and frequent steamer service, in order that this route may secure the carriage of a large portion of western Canada's trade with the islands, now carried on through New York. Such a change would be right along the line of the Premier's motto, "Canadian trade through Canadian channels." Satisfactory developments are looked for as soon as the present contract affording steamship

subsidies for the present West India service has expired. Quite large shipments of flour have gone forward by the St. John route during the last year.

There is only space for reference to one other feature which makes St. John a place of interest. That feature is its delightful summer climate. The New Brunswick Tourist Association (which is practically the St. John T. A.) was the first of its kind to be organized for effective work in Canada. Other cities and provinces have in this respect followed the lead of the seaside city. The St. John Association, through the medium of magazine articles and booklets widely distributed, and in other ways, has done very valuable work in attracting the attention of tourists and health-seekers. As the mercury rarely rises to 80° in St. John in summer, and as the city and its picturesque surroundings, with the surpassingly beautiful St. John river, and numerous provin-

cial points easy of access delight the visitor, while the hotel accommodation is good, and there are rare inducements for the angler and sportsman in New Brunswick, the Association are able to present an array of summer attractions not easily rivalled. The volume of summer travel from the New England and Middle States is large and steadily increasing. It is hoped that, in the fulness of time, the citizens of Ontario and Quebec, who frequent the American seaside resorts, will visit and be charmed by the city of the Loyalists, the winter port of Canada, and one of the popular summer resorts of all good Canadians.

A. M. Belding.



THE CHILDHOOD OF SWEET-GRASS.

WHAT the great Chief Crowfoot was to the Blackfoot was Sweet-Grass to the Crees. He was the Seneca of this great tribe; that was when he was Sweet-Grass.

At the beginning he was next to nothing; a wee mite of a copper-coloured pagan Cree. His father had been too indifferent to even fight well, so he had been slain like an obese buffalo bull.

In the hunt there was no warrior to kill the buffalo for the widow's wigwam. She followed up the others, and gleaned what they left. In times of plenty this was not so difficult; but when Hunger stalked through the flapping tepees of the Indians in the winter months, the gleanings were nothing, and existence for the squaw and her little brown papoose became a struggle with the coyote-like dogs of the camp for the things the others threw away.

That was the childhood of Sweet-Grass. He did not even own a name—he was only the Nokum's child; nobody even had time to dream a name for him.

If, in the scramble for bits of jerked buffalo, he and the dogs fell out, and

he struck his canine rivals, somebody would retaliate—the dogs were in the right of it, it was only the Nokum's child, anyway. The dogs belonged to somebody, after a fashion—so many to each tepee—but Sweet-Grass was only the Nokum's child.

His mother carried wood and smoked meat for others, stripped the red willow and made kinnikinick for lazy braves with lazier wives, and in return she was allowed to poke through the offal and find her living there—if she could. She was like the village poor woman, with the usual boy, who scrubs and washes and does all the village chores.

Sweet-Grass was the boy. As soon as he opened his eyes on the pleasant world he began to discover that life was a fight.

This conviction deepened as he grew older; and the village outcast always grows old fast. His years outstretched his stature; at fourteen he was small, but hard as nails; fighting for existence did not tend to soften him.

At fourteen he said to the Nokum: "Mother, I am now a warrior. I have not even a name. As I lie on my buffalo skin at night the wind whispers to me through the grass and the purple

moose flowers and asks me what is my name. What can I answer, mother?

"I answer that I am the Nokum's child; and the wind laughs and sweeps away, and the pack dogs howl, and my heart grows black with anger. If I were a maiden the water would trickle from my eyes, my heart grows so sad. But I am a warrior, mother, a brave; and my heart beats hard and fast against my ribs, and I know that it is knocking that it may grow—grow big, and strong and fierce like Black Wolf's.

"Yesterday a big black eagle flew over the snow mountains, and his shadow swept like a cloud across the grass that is like the yellow gold. He flew toward the sun, mother—south toward the land of the Black-foot, and he called to me. I looked up and I saw his eyes—they were bright and fierce just like Black Wolf's.

"But he was looking at me, mother, and he whistled shrill and sharp, as though the Great Spirit called me to follow.

"To-night I am going, mother. In five nights if I do not return it will not matter, for I have no name. I will bring a name if I come back."

The Nokum's eyes were old and blurred, the pupil was glazed with a bluish cast and the whites were streaked yellow and red, so not much expression could creep into them. They did not tell what she thought—they were like badly-coloured beads. Her tongue did not know how to give expression to sentiment; her poor old heart tugged and strained at its lashings and

hurt her, but she was used to pain. It never occurred to her to complain because of pain.

So the boy looked in the poor gnarled eyes and saw nothing. The white withered lips told him nothing, and he thought, "The Nokum is glad—she would like her boy to have a name."

He took his bow and his knife and his tenderly feathered arrows and held them in his arms as the lover fondles the roses he

takes to his lady love. It was a man's bow, for the boy's arms were like steel—got of the fighting with the dogs and everything else in the camp.

Cheap little bits of finery he toggled himself out with; trifles of brass tied in his long black shining hair; a little remnant of bead work, blue and yellow and black, that his mother had saved from the deerskin shirt of his worth-



less father, he fastened about his neck.

When he was ready to start the Nokum made his young heart bound with delight when she handed him a pair of delicately beaded moccasins; they had been worked for a young chief.

"For when you are coming back," she said.

Then the sky swallowed him up. The Nokum saw only millions of stars blinking at her as she sat in the rent of her battered old tepee, and looked toward the land of the Blackfoot.

Thus the childhood of Sweet-Grass.

THE NAMING OF SWEET-GRASS.

The chinook wind blew through the feathers of the boy's arrows and rubbed against his cheek. How light his heart was! For 14 years he had fought for existence without a name; in a few days he would come back again with one, and wearing the beautiful moccasins now tied up in the little pack on his back.

He reached up his hand and patted them affectionately. As he did so he came to the earth with a smash that shook his body—he had put his foot in a badger hole.

As he rose he chided the rose-pink flowers which hid the hole. They were the badger hole sentinel—the cleome.

"Why did you not tell me, little brothers?" he said, as he tore them up by the roots reproachfully. "They could not tell me because I had no name, I suppose," he muttered, as he sped on again.

The thought stopped him—he returned and called back to the crushed blossoms, "When I come again this way you will know my name."

All night he travelled, his feet crushing eagerly through the bunch grass and the silvered wolf willow; the long purple-tipped wild pea caught at his legs and caressed them gently. The gaillardies and the daisies stared sleepily at him as he passed like a grey shadow.

When the light began to steal up in the east he crawled down into

a coulee and hid himself like a coyote and slept.

That night he travelled again. Across the shallow "Battle river," and the shallower "Nose creek"; before morning he knew that he was close to Souding lake, and closer still to the Blackfoot encampment he had been travelling toward.

In a little bluff of white poplar he hid and waited for the coming of day—the day that was to give him a name, or see his scalp hang drying in the tepee of some Blackfoot.

Close to where he crouched the Indians' ponies were herding. How his heart throbbed with exultation as he watched them passing in and out among each other as they fed.

As the grey light began to turn the dark brown of the earth to orange, his eyes singled out the leader of the herd, a heavy-quartered chestnut. Beyond the horses, a quarter of a mile away, were the Blackfoot tepees, cutting the bright horizon like the jagged teeth of a saw.

Like a general he waited, and strung his bow taut, as a musician keys up his harp.

"They will come to the horses," he thought, "some of them, for I must have scalps as well as ponies."

His heart grew warm as he thought of what it meant for the Nokum. With a name as a brave he would take part in the hunt and a share of the buffalo would fall to the lot of his mother. She would always have plenty to eat.

Something gorgeous caught his eye. It was a medicine man in all the grandeur of his barbaric splendour. Eagle-feathers, paint, bead-work and charms seemed to have been poured upon his tall figure like fruit from a cornucopia.

He was coming straight toward the boy—coming to commune with the Great Spirit in what was evidently his private prayer ground.

On a grey willow bush, forty yards from where the boy crouched, three pieces of red cloth hung limp in the morning sunlight. It was one of the



DRAWN BY J. S. GORDON.

"The jagged iron head of the arrow tore a ghastly hole . . . almost in the centre of the strong chest of the Blackfoot priest."

medicine man's propitiatory offerings. Behind the medicine man stalked a brave.

"He is coming to round up the horses," thought the boy.

He took an arrow from his quiver, held it up toward the east, and let the sunlight kiss its V-shaped head. Then he placed it to his heart. That was that it might go with unerring aim to the heart of the medicine man.

Then he knelt reverently and kissed the earth.

The steel-nerved arm drew the bow-string until the arrow-head came back against the hand that grasped the bow.

The medicine man was standing in front of his red-streaked bush, his lips muttering an incantation to the particular spirit he was having dealings with. His broad chest, thrust well out, seemed to invite the death-shaft.

"For mother's sake," hissed the boy, and "twang!" went the stretched sinew string. The jagged iron head of the arrow tore a ghastly hole just where a streak of yellow beads cut through a body-ground of blue, almost in the centre of the strong chest of the Blackfoot priest.

Never a sound he gave—only a little hoarse gurgle as he fell forward in a crumpled heap, and writhed over on his back, where he lay staring up at the smiling sky.

The boy's brain surged hot with a blood-like fury. He rushed from his concealment and pulled the feather of another arrow to his ear, as the dead Blackfoot's companion faced him.

It, too, found a mark, but only through the shoulder, and too eager for further combat of this sort, he and the brave drew their knives and closed in upon each other.

But the devil was in the boy—he had been blooded; while the other man had an arrow in his shoulder, which is not so good as an incentive to fight.

In a few minutes two Blackfoot scalps were dangling from the boy's shirt-front, and he was taking breath after

his fiercest struggle. He was mad with delight—he delirium of triumph was strong upon him. He felt like rushing upon the whole encampment; he wanted to kill, kill, even if he died killing.

He pulled a handful of "sweet grass" and dabbed it in the blood of the medicine man.

He held it aloft and screamed in his triumph. His high falsetto voice trilled the "Hi, hi,——!" of the Cree battle song.

That was the first sound the camp heard from the battle-field.

He thrust the wet grass in his breast and raced for the horses as an answering cry came back from among the blue columns of upward curling smoke.

In his pack was a little woven horse-hair halter. He pulled it out as he ran. He had lived among the ponies and dogs in his own camp—their ways were his ways.

Two or three of the ponies were hobbled as sheet anchors to keep the others steady. He tore the hobbles off—from the chestnut stallion last, then grasping the strong mane he swung himself on to the eager back and started the herd.

The Blackfoot warriors were running from their tepees, but the Cree laughed in victorious glee.

Round the herd of ponies he dashed on the chestnut with a wild yell, and when they were fairly stampeded, he swung into the lead. Their fast-beating hoofs pounded the grass-knit turf until it gave forth a sound like the roar of many drums.

A shower of arrows came hurtling after him. A few of the Blackfoot had muzzle-loading guns. A little puff of smoke here and there among his pursuers, a tiny white cloud of dust thrown up to one side, or in front of him, told of the useless shots.

They were pursuing him on foot, they had no choice for he had all their horses.

As he drew rapidly away he uttered once more his shrill note of triumph. Then he sat down on the stallion and

rode with judgment—eased him up a little.

All that day, and all the next night he rode, resting his band of horses after he had forded the Battle river the first evening.

At day-break on the second day he sighted his own camp.

The appearance of so many horses in the distance excited the Crees; they thought their enemy, the Blackfoot, had swooped down upon them.

When the boy rode into the camp at the head of his footsore troop of ponies, the warriors swarmed about him.

Modestly he told his story, for the long ride had quieted down his spirits.

He showed them the scalps and his band of loot.

The braves pressed about him closely, and felt his arms and his legs to see where the strength had come from.

Suddenly there was a little commotion. An opening was made in the crowd, and the Nokum pressed forward to the feet of the tribe's idol.

"My boy, my boy!" She stopped short; her eyes caught sight of the blood on his breast.

"Are you wounded?" She thrust her hand in at the opening of his deerskin shirt and drew it back, clutching a mass of blood-stained grass.

"No," replied the boy, "that's Blackfoot blood, Nokum."

"It's sweet-grass," she cried exultingly, holding the well-known grass aloft in her hand.

Contagiously the others took up the cry "Sweet grass, Sweet grass!"

As by inspiration the tribe medicine man stepped forward and said, "He is a brave now. He must have a name. Let his name be Sweet-Grass."

Thus was the naming of the great "Chief Sweet-Grass."

THE RULING OF SWEET-GRASS.

That was the beginning. Sweet-Grass had graduated from his dog's life. The braves that had been before were as nothing to what Sweet-Grass became.

Black Wolf, who had been his model, was soon out-classed by the pupil. Brains and pluck and muscles of steel made the little man the greatest among all Crees.

He was an ideal pagan; no glinting of a light that illuminated the wrongdoing side of horse stealing and killing shot athwart the narrow pathway of his pagan mind.

If there were any commandments inscribed in the Cree pantheon they were aimed at the extinction of the enemies of the tribe—the Blackfoot.

So Sweet-Grass served the Great Spirit with an eager vigour that left many scalps hanging in his lodge.

He stole horses until the medicine man classed him as the greatest pagan of them all.

While he reduced the census of his neighbours, his own tribe waxed populous and rich through his wisdom.

Then came the day when he was chosen chief; and even as he had been the greatest warrior, so he became the greatest chief the tribe had ever known.

And the husks had all passed away from the Nokum, for Sweet-Grass honoured her in his prosperity even as she had toiled and slaved for him when they fought with the dogs for the scraps.

THE CONVERSION OF SWEET-GRASS.

Father Lacombe was as great a warrior as Sweet-Grass. He, too, was a fearless brave. His bow was the Christian religion and his arrows God's love, feathered by his own simple, honest ways.

Through the Crees' tepees he wandered at will; and with the Blackfoot he slept back to back on the sky-kissed prairie.

As a rule, an Indian does not receive religion with open arms—he is not looking for it. He has other things to think of. And though they received the father for his own sake, his Master's commands they cared not much about.

Father Lacombe was working his way southward through the Blackfoot country one morning in May. He

came upon a small party of Blackfoot. With them they had a captive—a Cree maiden. Practical Christianity was part of the father's creed, and he determined to rescue the girl if he had to pawn his Red River carts to the Indians.

"Camp here," he said to them; for a bargain with Indians is like a Chinese play—it will end only when there is nothing more to be said on either side.

So they encamped where they were, among the spring flowers, and smoked the pipe of peace and bargained for the girl.

The priest meant to have her free at any cost, but it was also legitimate to get her cheaply. In the end he gave an order on the Hudson's Bay Company for a sum sufficient to bankrupt his small means.

He took the girl with him on his southern trip, for there was no way of sending her to her people till he should return in the autumn.

It had been the usual order of Blackfoot enterprise; the war party had swooped down upon the few Crees she had been with at the time, and killed them all but herself. Her parents had not been of the party.

In October Father Lacombe went north again—back among the Crees.

One evening, after he had camped, he saw a large outfit of Indians trailing toward him. He hid the girl under a cart, the sides of which were draped by a large canvas. It was Sweet-Grass' party. They encamped beside the father for the night. To Father Lacombe the Indians were as children; to him their lives were an open book, and the misery that was in one old couple's hearts was soon poured into his sympathetic ear.

To an Indian there is no loss so great as the loss of a child; even horses are less to be lamented.

And Many Herbs had lost a daughter; the Blackfoot had attacked the party she was with in the spring and all had been murdered, even the daughter. Father Lacombe had opened up a gold mine, and he knew it. The priest

had several gifts besides his great generosity and his wide humanity. He had that fine dramatic instinct which makes the most of an opportunity. Evidently God had delivered the captive into his hands that good might come out of the evil which had been done.

That was the priest's way—profit for his Master. Another would have calculated how many furs the girl would exchange for.

When the father spoke of hope, Many Herbs scoffed. Alive there might be hope, yes! But was not Two Winds dead? Could the priest take a stripped wand of the red willow and change it into the form of Two Winds and alive?

Was not Sweet-Grass also like a stricken buffalo? Two Winds was to have gone to the chief's lodge even at that time—at the time of the great hunts.

"Surely," thought the priest, "the Father has given these people into my hands." If Sweet-Grass also loved the maid much good must come of the rescue.

Then he spoke aloud to the Crees and prayed silently in his heart the while. Eloquently he told, in the short, terse sentences of the Indian, the infinite power and mercy of the Lord. That if they would only listen it would heal the arrow wounds in their hearts.

"Will your God, who is so powerful, give me back Two Winds?" cried Many Herbs. "Or bring her back to my lodge?" asked the little Sweet-Grass.

"Have patience, my brothers," said the priest. "You have forgotten one thing—you have forgotten the power of this?" and he held aloft the black cross which was tucked in his girdle.

The light from the aspen camp fire flickered against the brass image of the Saviour drooping from the cruel, holding nails.

Surely the light of his mission was in the gray eyes of the black-cassocked man, as he drew himself up to his full height and held the figure towards the



DRAWN BY J. S. GORDON.

THE CAPTIVE "TWO WINDS" IN A TEEPEE.

Indians with a commanding supplication.

It was Sweet-Grass who said : " Call on your Medicine to give us Two Winds. If it can do that I will believe—I and my tribe. The Little Father shall have five horses if he can do this thing. I have spoken."

The chief and the priest were old friends—almost old antagonists on the question. Père Lacombe knew that Sweet-Grass's words were like the flow of the Saskatchewan—a thing to be depended upon.

" And I have heard," he said, as the Cree chief ceased speaking and placed the long stem of his pipe between his lips. " I have heard, and my Master has heard, and the power of the cross is for good !"

Among the whites Père Lacombe was the one man Sweet-Grass trusted ; and as the priest spoke he started forward

eagerly, in a half-famished way, as a gaunt wolf eyes a life that is just out of his reach.

" Two Winds," he whispered huskily, expectantly. " Yes!" answered the priest, in his deep voice, as he drew aside the canvas of the cart.

It was as though God had looked down and smiled upon the camp as Two Winds came and stood in the light of the camp-fire ; the same light that had flickered at the brass Saviour streaked with bronze the black mass of her hair, and showed the great love-light in the sparkling eyes.

Père Lacombe stood a little to one side, with bowed head, his hands crossed lovingly over the brass Saviour, as he held it against his breast. The power of the cross had come to pass.

Thus was the conversion of Sweet-Grass.

Specially illustrated by J. S. Gordon.

THE EARLY RAILWAY HISTORY OF CANADA.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE TARIFF HISTORY OF CANADA."

IN Canada, as in the other countries of the New World, settlement was in the first instance conditioned by the existing system of water communication. In default of other means of entrance into the unsettled lands, population spreads out in long tongue-like lines along the watercourses. The exceptional system of water communication existing in Canada, a system which gives ingress from the ocean to the centre of the continent, has made this tendency especially marked. Population spread along the banks of the navigable watercourses which opened up a way of communication with the interior, and the extent of settlement was thus, in the first instance, in great degree limited by the extent of such watercourses. The white-walled villages, which line the banks of the St. Lawrence to-day, take back the thoughts of the passing traveller to the time when the river was the only social link, the only commercial way.

With increasing population there was the necessity to obtain more efficient means of transportation, in order to facilitate the opening up of the country stretching back from the rivers and lakes. One of the first acts passed by the Province of Upper Canada was one which provided for the construction of highways. Governor Simcoe had large views as to the advantage of road construction. He devised a system of highways which were to run north and south and east and west throughout the province. Such was the success of the policy so inaugurated, so great was the opening up of the interior and hitherto inaccessible portions of the province, that the population had more than doubled by the end of Simcoe's tenure of office in 1796.

Although the unrivalled waterway, composed of the St. Lawrence and the great lakes, afforded a means of com-

munication with the interior, yet there were interposed barriers which made travel slow and tedious. The United Empire Loyalists, who made their way to Lake Ontario, found that the journey from Lachine to Kingston in the flat bottomed *bateaux* then in use consumed a period of from twelve to fourteen days. The cost of transportation of commodities was great, and the inconvenience was all the more apparent when the commercial needs became greater. During the war of 1812 the carriage of six 24-pound cannon from Montreal to Kingston cost £200. Wheat and other commodities sent from the interior to Montreal had to pay for transportation from one-third to one-half their value. In the attempt to obtain bettered means of transport recourse was had to steam navigation and the construction of canals. The first steamer in Canadian waters was the *Accommodation*, which sailed from Montreal to Quebec in 1809. The first steamer on Lake Ontario, the *Frontenac*, was built in 1816. By 1826 there were on that lake about seven vessels, which had cost £39,500 to build.

The barriers interposed in the way of navigation by rapids and falls drew attention at an early date to the advantage of constructing canals. In 1781 canals of shallow depth were constructed in order to circumvent the Cedar Rapids and the Coteau Rapids. Later developments were anticipated by a canal which the North-West Company built in 1797 to permit of loaded canoes being locked up past the Sault St. Marie. In the second and third decades of the present century great activity was shown in connection with the construction of the Welland Canal, the Lachine Canal, and the Rideau Canal. The two last-mentioned were intended to subserve primarily Imperial and military needs.

In the Maritime Provinces there was not manifested the same keen interest in the obtaining of improved transportation ways as in the case of the inland provinces. In Nova Scotia the great extent of coast line, as compared with the territorial area of the province, and the serrated indentations, caused by the bays and the rivers which found their outlet there, rendered the early settlers satisfied with the means of communication and transport afforded by the waterways. In New Brunswick the general conditions may be gathered from the statements made in a letter of Sir Edmund Head to Earl Grey with reference to the Halifax and Quebec Railway. Writing at so late a date as 1849, he said that from the city of St. John to the Madawaska there was a line of settlement along the river St. John for about two hundred miles; another fringe of population extended along the Atlantic coast, and shorter lines of population extended along the southern coast. Between these scattered centres of population but little communication by means of highways existed.

The felt dependence of the colonies on improved methods of transport, caused the stories of the success of steam railroad transportation in the countries of the old world to be listened to with great attention in the sparsely settled provinces of the new; where the inhabitant of the old world saw in the railroad merely an improved means of communication whereby the existing facilities might be increased, and the friction which impeded the fullest development of the existing commerce might be removed, the colonist saw in the new means of transport a socializing and civilizing force. Mile after mile of unbroken woodland, acre after acre of fertile virgin soil, waited the advent of the pioneer; if this was to be accomplished and that development obtained which the English-speaking settler, proud of his lineage and his name, anticipated, then some systematic means of affording access to the as yet unsettled country must be obtained, and in the search

for this his eyes turned to the railroad.

The first railway project discussed in Canada was that of a railway from St. Andrews to Quebec. As early as 1832 attention was drawn to the advantage of the construction of such a railway which would give Quebec a seaport open the year round. At the same time suggestions were made that another great line of railway from Halifax through the Province of New Brunswick to connect with the projected railway system of the New England States might with advantage be undertaken.

The port of St. Andrews had at this time a place of pre-eminence in point of commerce, and its merchants were quick to see the advantage of the proposed railway. Accordingly attempts were made in 1835 to have the project carried through. A preliminary survey was made, delegations were sent to the other Provinces in the endeavour to enlist their aid, and at the same time a delegation was sent to the Imperial authorities seeking for aid on account of the Imperial nature of the work. A grant of £10,000 towards the expenses of the survey was made by the Home Government, and it was inferred that if the survey should indicate that the route was practicable the Imperial Government stood ready to aid it in more considerable degree. The railroad, it was estimated, would cost \$4,000,000, and from it a yearly revenue of \$606,000 was anticipated. A company was chartered to undertake the construction of the road, and it seemed as if everything was in a condition to further the accomplishment of the work. Just at this juncture, however, the dispute with reference to the north-eastern boundary between Maine and New Brunswick took on a somewhat formidable aspect. The route surveyed ran through the disputed territory. A glance at the map will show that a straight line connecting St. Andrews and Quebec runs through what is now a portion of the territory of Maine. The disputes with reference to the boundary were probably intensified by the belief that one of the prime objects of the construction of the road

was the desire to obtain a military road. In the troubles of the war of 1812, it had been suggested that a waggon-road which followed substantially the route surveyed for the Quebec and St. Andrews Railway would be of advantage in the transportation of troops. Pending the determination of the dispute, it was, of course, impossible to proceed with the construction of the work. The matter was finally settled by the Ashburton Treaty, which decided that the bulk of the territory, the title of which was contested, belonged to Maine. But before this agreement had been reached, there came to the front, as we shall see, another project, which distracted attention from the Quebec and St. Andrews scheme.

The year in which the first public suggestion of the advantage of the St. Andrews and Quebec Railway was made was also that in which a less ambitious project, which however met with more immediate success, was brought before the public. It was in that year that the Champlain and St. Lawrence Railway was chartered by the Legislature of Lower Canada. For several years prior to the passing of this charter the newspapers of Quebec and Montreal had been busied with the discussion of the advantages of railroad construction. Statements which excite a smile nowadays occur with reference to the "stupendous" speed of *sixteen* miles an hour, which had been attained on the English railroads. A grave discussion was also carried on as to how the possibility of snow blockades might be avoided, and it was thought that by having the railroads built several feet above the ground, and by having them built in the direction of the prevailing winter winds, the possibility of having railroad travel interrupted by snow blockades would be precluded.

The floating talk of the newspapers and the street crystallized into the project for the construction of the Champlain and St. Lawrence Railway. Instead of taking the water route by way of the St. Lawrence and the Richelieu

to Lake Champlain, it was desired to economize time and distance by constructing a direct railroad communication. After a diligent scrutiny of contemporary English and American railroad legislation a charter was drafted. The influence of both systems of legislation is to be seen in the bill. The provisions for regulation of the rates, this being made dependent upon the amount of dividend received, is modelled on the provisions of the English acts. The English practice is followed in allowing the railroad proprietors to receive a maximum dividend of 12% ; in case this maximum dividend was exceeded, then the company was to make an abatement of 25% in the maximum rates, for every ten shillings of dividend received over and above 12%. The provision for maximum rates was likewise copied from the English acts. The influence of contemporary American legislation, more especially of that of Massachusetts is to be seen in the provisions for the assumption of the ownership of the railway at any time before or after its completion. The terms of such assumption are that the Government should pay to the railway the amount expended in construction by the company, together with a sum of 20% upon the money so expended and in addition 6% upon the latter sum.

The railway was incorporated with an initial capital of £50,000 in shares of £50, and in case this did not prove sufficient, power was given to increase it by the issue of £15,000 more of stock.

The close scrutiny of the policy outlined in connection with the chartering of this railway is of interest, not only because the Champlain and St. Lawrence Railway was the first railway constructed in the British North American Provinces, but also because the policy outlined in the charter was that pursued towards railroad enterprise in the succeeding years. The Province definitely ranged itself on the side of the construction of railroads by private companies in contradistinction from a system of government ownership and management. During the

discussion on the charter, Papineau, pronounced himself as unalterably opposed to government ownership of railroads, because of the opportunities for political interference such a system would place in the hands of the administration.

This pioneer railway was opened for traffic in 1836. The first train was drawn by horses. In the endeavour to obtain as cheap construction as possible a wooden rail, on top of which had been spiked flat iron bars, had been adopted. In the earlier railroad construction of the United States, more particularly in the Southern states, similar expedients had been made use of.

The precedent set by Lower Canada was soon followed by Upper Canada. In 1834 charters were granted to the Cobourg railroad and to the London and Gore railroad, afterwards known as the Great Western. Charter after charter was granted in rapid succession and by 1841 seven railroads had been chartered. It had been anticipated that the railroads would be constructed without any demand being made upon the Government for aid. The progress of events, however, soon demonstrated this hope to be ill-founded. The disturbed conditions connected with the panic of 1837 rendered it necessary for the Government to come to the aid of various road and harbour companies which had been chartered. And it was found necessary to make grants to the railroads also. Thus in 1837 the Government was empowered to make grants in aid of the London and Gore railroad to the extent of £200,000.

The aid extended to railroad enterprise did not have at the time the effect desired. The disturbed conditions, attendant upon the rebellion of 1837, had made English capitalists doubt the security of investments in Canadian enterprises, and the railroads found that some years had to elapse before this distrust was overcome. Notwithstanding the charters which had been granted only some sixteen miles of railroad had been constructed by 1841.

With the conditions of returning

confidence which succeeded the passage of the Union Act somewhat greater activity in railroad construction manifested itself; and yet, after all, the activity was small as compared with that which manifested itself in the succeeding period.

Projects of vast extent were mooted; discussions took place with reference to the advantage of constructing a system of railroad to connect Montreal with the west. The first link in such a proposed line of railroad was laid in the construction of the Montreal and Lachine railroad, which, although intended in the first instance to serve as a portage road to circumvent the Lachine Rapids, was also intended to be the first link in a projected line of railroad connecting Montreal with Kingston, Toronto and the west. In Lower Canada the earliest projects, however, were more intimately connected with obtaining access to the American market. The Champlain and St. Lawrence had been constructed in order to obtain a more direct connection by a mixed rail and water route with New York. The following of such a conscious policy was seen in the agitation of 1844 and 1845, which culminated in the chartering of the St. Lawrence and Atlantic Railway. Railroad construction was being pushed in the New England States, and the merchants of that section, having become conscious of the advantages of Canadian trade, were eager to obtain a means of access to it. The merchants of Boston showed an especial activity in the endeavour to obtain a direct connection between Montreal and Boston. At the same time the State of Maine had been stirred up by the earnest advocacy of Mr. John A. Poor, who had interested himself in railroad construction within that state, to undertake the construction of a unified railroad system. Various attempts had been made to obtain a railroad connection with Canada; lines had been surveyed from Portland to Lake Champlain and to Quebec. Poor was quick to see the position of commercial advantage held by the City of Montreal and so directed all attention to obtain-

ing a direct connection between Portland and Montreal. Just when the merits of Boston and Portland were wavering in the balance, he made a journey to Montreal to urge his scheme. The claims and advantages of Portland as a winter port were set before the public both in spoken and in written word, and the result was that it was determined to accept the route leading from Montreal to Portland.

It has already been indicated that the bettered conditions which attended the legislative union of Upper and Lower Canada were evidenced in a desire to obtain railroad construction. The people of Canada were waking up to the advantages of railroad construction as a medium of colonization. Including the charters already referred to, some thirty charters had been granted to railroads in Upper and Lower Canada by 1850, but very little had been done in the way of construction. Work had been done on the St. Lawrence and Atlantic, already mentioned, on the Lachine, the St. Lawrence and Industry, a small local railroad in Lower Canada, and on the Erie and Ontario; the latter road was built as a portage road to circumvent Niagara Falls.

Still less activity in railroad construction is to be met with in the case of the Maritime Provinces during this earlier period. Many projects were discussed, while nothing was done towards obtaining their accomplishment. It has already been seen that the disputes connected with the determination of the north-eastern boundary of Maine had precluded the possibility of the Quebec and St. Andrews line being constructed till the dispute was settled. The Ashburton Treaty determined in 1842 that the greater part of the contested territory belonged to Maine, and St. Andrews, in consequence, found itself deprived of the advantage which it had anticipated in the way of direct communication with Quebec, since it now found itself placed to one side. Attempts were made to revive the interest in the scheme, but the conditions which had hitherto favoured it had now been changed. When, in 1832,

the project of the Quebec and St. Andrews line had been brought before the public, it was also suggested that Halifax might serve as a terminal of a railway system connecting the Maritime Provinces with the developing railway system of the Eastern States.

With the conclusions of the negotiations whose results were embodied in the Ashburton Treaty, the Maritime Provinces entered on a phase of railroad projection which was concerned with obtaining a railroad system which should have Halifax as the terminal.

Two propositions competed for public attention, the European and North American and the Halifax and Quebec. The latter project, which desired to connect the British colonies by a line running wholly through British soil, was first brought before the public in definite form in 1845 by a number of English capitalists. The definite proposals of these projectors, while not placing the project in a condition in which construction might be begun at once, were of value in that they served to attract the attention of the different provinces to the scheme.

The European and North American railway project, while laying stress on the commercial rather than on the patriotic motives, was in its implications equally as grand in scope as the proposed Halifax and Quebec railway.

It looked, in the first place, to obtaining a direct connection between the Maritime Provinces and the New England system of railways; a connection with Canada would also be effected by means of the railway from Portland to Montreal. There would thus be obtained a railroad communication between Montreal and Halifax, partly through Canadian, partly through American territory, the whole line being considerably shorter than the more roundabout route which it would be necessary to adopt in the case of a line lying wholly within British territory. It was intended, in addition, that from the terminus in Nova Scotia a line of fast mail steamers should run to Galway, and it was anticipated that by obtaining through connections with New York

the journey from New York to Liverpool could be accomplished in seven or even in six days. Mr. John A. Poor, whose activity in connection with the Atlantic and St. Lawrence line has already been mentioned, was the moving spirit in connection with this project also.

In the Maritime Provinces the striking personality of the Hon. Joseph Howe is much in evidence throughout all this period. As early as 1835 he had become interested in the question of railroad construction and had been much struck by the advantages to be obtained therefrom. In 1846 the discussion in connection with the proposed Halifax and Quebec railway took more definite shape, the several provinces binding themselves to make good the expenses of a survey each within its own limits. Major Robinson, a British officer, was appointed to survey the line and chose a route which is substantially that followed by the Intercolonial. The colonies, conscious of their own financial weakness, and at the same time remembering the Imperial interests which would be subserved by the construction of the railway, endeavored to enlist Imperial aid. For their part they declared their willingness to set aside ten miles of land on each side of the track and in addition to make provision for payment of interest on the capital invested by the Imperial authorities; each province stood ready to pay £20,000 of interest charges.

In appealing to England for aid in an undertaking which it was claimed was of sufficiently Imperial nature to warrant the extension of Imperial aid, the colonies relied on what seemed to be for the moment a certain hope. In the period 1847 to 1850 much attention was devoted to projects connected with colonization in the British North American colonies. The brochures of Carmichael-Smyth and Syngé which appeared in this period advocated the undertaking on the part of the Home Government of a vigorous system of colonization, by means of which the economic conditions of the poorer class-

es of the old land would be bettered, while the new country would, at the same time, receive a body of hardy emigrants who would develop and render more prosperous the country within which they settled. It was suggested by these writers that one of the best ways in which to ensure the wished-for development was to undertake the construction of railways aided by the Imperial Government. By this means the country would be opened up, while at the same time opportunities for work would be afforded the new emigrants. Not only was the attention of the British public drawn to the advantages of the Halifax and Quebec Railway, but stress was laid upon the advantages and possibilities connected with wider schemes.

Major Carmichael-Smyth, whose brochure has already been referred to, drew up a plan in 1849 whereby a transcontinental line might be constructed under the joint control and management of the Hudson's Bay Company, the Colonies and the Motherland. It was suggested that a board of fifteen, composed of three representatives of each of the parties should control the projected railroad. A suggestion was made that the presence of these representatives in the Imperial House of Commons might smooth the way for a closer union of the colonies and the homeland. The enthusiastic projector looked upon this railway as the great link required to unite in one powerful chain the whole English race.

But the feeling of confidence that the Imperial Government would aid in schemes of colonial development was not inspired by unofficial writings alone. In 1847 a select committee of the House of Lords was appointed to investigate the question of the advisability of assisting emigration from Ireland. A large amount of evidence was presented before this committee, and all seemed to favour the idea that, if colonization in British North America was to be undertaken, one of the best ways of furthering the end desired was by engaging in the construction of railways and other public works. In

a despatch in 1847 to Lord Elgin, Earl Grey said that, if the Imperial Government came to the conclusion to aid colonization in the British colonies in America, in his judgment one of the best ways of accomplishing this would be to extend Imperial aid to railroad construction.

When there appeared to exist in England, at the time, such a widespread feeling in favor of the adoption of a systematic plan of colonization, and when the extending of aid to railroad construction appeared to be favoured as the appropriate means, the colonists turned expectantly to the Motherland for aid. But in 1850 they were informed that the pressure on the Imperial treasury was so great that nothing could be done in the way of extending aid.

This set-back caused attention to veer around to the European and North American project once more. A convention composed of representatives of Canada, the New England States, Nova Scotia and New Brunswick, met in Portland in July of 1850. Much eloquent speech-making was indulged in, the appositeness of Latin quotations to discussions of railroad projects was vindicated, and the convention disbanded, its members going homeward in a spirit of mutual good-fellowship. The convention pronounced itself in favor of the construction of the proposed railway; ninety-six miles lay within the territory of the State of Maine, two hundred within New Brunswick, and one hundred and twenty-four in Nova Scotia. The whole railway, some four hundred and twenty miles in all, would cost, it was estimated, about \$12,000,000. No precise way in which this money might be raised was indicated, but it was hoped that a system of government aid, together with the moneys obtained for the carriage of the American and the Canadian mails, would serve as a nucleus which would be increased by the private capital to be attracted by the advantages of the projected railway.

Meantime, Nova Scotia had embarked in the construction of a railway

from Halifax to Windsor—a railway which, it was hoped, would form a portion of the trunk line of the proposed railway, no matter what route was chosen. Howe was sent to England in 1851, in order to obtain a guarantee on £800,000 of the funds requisite for the construction of the road. After his return from England he was informed that the Imperial authorities were prepared to grant the requisite guarantee. They, however, looked to the construction of a general system of railroad, and desired that agreements might be arrived at by the different provinces, whereby on condition of the extending of an Imperial guarantee, the railway might be undertaken.

It seemed now as if everything was in a satisfactory condition. A meeting of delegates from the different provinces was held in Toronto to arrive at some agreement that would be satisfactory to all. It was agreed that Canada was to be responsible for four-twelfths of the cost of construction, while Nova Scotia and New Brunswick were each to be responsible for three and one-half twelfths. Just at this juncture when everything seemed to be settled an obstacle intervened. In the earlier discussions several routes had been suggested. The Northern route, that surveyed by Major Robinson, lay close to the coast; the Valley route, by the valley of the St. John, had been much favoured by Canada and New Brunswick. New Brunswick had already incorporated the European and North American Railway and the New Brunswick and Canada Railway and had pledged its credit to them to the extent of £300,000. The province had anticipated that the Valley route would be chosen and that the lines in which it was so vitally interested would become integral portions of the proposed railway.

It had been understood in the course of the negotiations that the Imperial Government was not averse to extending the guarantee to that portion of the European and North American which gave New Brunswick connection with Maine, and that, although it

favoured the Northern route, it would be willing to consider the advantageousness of the Valley route. Howe, in meeting the convention in Toronto, had conveyed this impression also. A despatch from Sir John Pakington to Lord Elgin, dated May 20th, 1852, showed that this interpretation had been erroneous. The Imperial Government was not prepared to guarantee aid to any other line than that originally surveyed by Major Robinson. While willing to admit the local commercial advantages of the Valley route yet the only reason for aiding the road was that of Imperial expediency. The Valley route was disadvantageous from a military point of view; while from the same point of view the Northern route by the Bay Chaleurs had everything in its favour.

This unexpected statement came like a thunderbolt in a clear sky; an attempt was made to effect some compromise so as to harmonize the divergent interests. But Canada and New Brunswick favoured the Valley route while Nova Scotia held to the Northern route—a route which the latter province considered would be more advantageous to it since it would tend to bring through traffic within its boundaries. Delegates were sent to England by the different provinces, but no compromise could be effected. The grand scheme of an intercolonial railway was for the moment put at rest and the colonies now busied themselves with railroad projects connected with local development.

The railroad construction which took place in the Canadas merits attention, not only because of its extent, but also because of the phases of conscious policy which it embodied. The changed commercial policy of England had, by its departure from established conditions, entailed suffering for the time being on Canada. Under the Protective policy which had prevailed the industries of Canada had become habituated to protection. The lumber and grain of Canada were admitted into English markets at a much lower rate of duty than was customary on such com-

modities. The bonding privilege had not then been established, and consequently the trade of Western Canada had to come down the lakes and the watercourses to Montreal, which now became the commercial metropolis. Much capital was invested in mills and warehouses. To accommodate the increased traffic the canals had been greatly improved. The change which now came seemed for a moment to be destined to paralyze the industrial conditions of the country.

Other conditions co-operated to bring about a state of dissatisfaction and unrest. While the railroad policy of Lower Canada had looked to obtaining closer connection with the railroad system of the States the policy of Upper Canada had been modelled with a desire to capture the transit trade of the western States. One of the chief advantages urged in connection with the chartering of the Great Western had been that it would tap the trade between the western and eastern States and bring it through Canada. The inland waterways had also been improved with a view to this end. But the great era of railroad development had commenced in the United States, and Canada found that, if it was to retain its own carrying trade, not to speak of obtaining a share in the transit trade between the western and the eastern States, it was absolutely necessary to adopt some systematized policy of railway aid.

The Hon. Francis Hincks, who had a position in the Lafontaine Administration analogous to that of Finance Minister, was entrusted with the task of drafting a policy to subserve this end. When he undertook this in 1849, only fifty-four miles of railroad had been constructed. The only lines in process of construction at the time were the Great Western, the Northern, and the St. Lawrence and Atlantic.

The matter to which Hincks now addressed himself was threefold in its implications. He desired to devise a system of provincial aid, to add thereto a system of municipal aid, and in addition to facilitate the construction

of a trunk line of railway running from the eastern to the western portion of the Province.

The first phase of the new policy manifested itself in 1849, when an Act was passed to guarantee interest on the bonds of railway companies. It was desired to obtain the construction of as extensive railroad systems as possible, for the provincial guarantee was not to be extended to any railroad which was less than seventy miles in length, nor was any such guarantee to be available until at least one-half of the road had been constructed. The Municipal Loan Fund Act, passed in 1852, was intended to extend the aid of the provincial credit to the municipalities when borrowing for the purpose of aiding in the construction of railways or other works of public benefit. The provisions of the Act at first applied to Upper Canada alone; it was not until 1854 that they were extended to Lower Canada.

The municipalities had in terms of their powers as municipalities been able to extend aid to the railway companies, but they had been hampered in borrowing since their financial status was not properly known in the money markets. It was now desired to exercise the borrowing power of the municipalities, the loans being raised against their common borrowing power. The Provincial Government acted in this matter only as an agent and specifically disclaimed all responsibility. It was anticipated that by the intervention of the Government there would be reflected upon the borrowing power of the otherwise isolated municipalities the power of the credit and good financial standing of the Province.

The measures, however, in which the people of the time were most interested were those which looked to the construction of a main trunk line of railway through the province. The feasibility of such a scheme had been suggested as early as 1830 in the columns of the *Montreal Gazette*, when the earlier railroad projects were under discussion. The feasibility of the railway from Halifax to Quebec had

again attracted attention to this scheme. The earliest projects in connection with the construction of this road had had as a necessary implication the construction of a main trunk line running from one end of the province to the other.

In 1851, legislation to further the construction of the Halifax and Quebec Railway was passed. It was expected at the time that the negotiations there pending to obtain an Imperial guarantee would be successful; and it was provided in a subsequent act of the same year that £4,000,000 was to be raised for railway construction. It was understood at the time that, while the Imperial guarantee was to extend to the portion of the railway from Halifax to Quebec, the remaining portion of the line stretching westwards to the western boundary was to be constructed at the Provincial expense. This was bitterly attacked by the newspapers of the day, Conservative as well as Liberal, the *Globe*, under the leadership of the Hon. George Brown, being most pronounced in the opinion that this was a truckling to Lower Canada in order to placate the French vote.

The failure of the Halifax and Quebec project directed, as has already been noticed, the attention of the provinces to more purely local projects. Hincks had gone to England as a delegate to endeavour to obtain some compromise that would facilitate the construction of the Halifax and Quebec Railway. The negotiations failed, but while he was there he came in contact with the English contracting firm of Peto, Brassey & Betts. This firm had become interested in railroad construction in the colonies through the representations made by the Hon. Joseph Howe during a visit to England. They had already become actively interested, being, at the time of Hincks' visit, engaged in the construction of the Quebec and Richmond Railway, which had been chartered in 1850. Disappointed at the outcome of the negotiations regarding the grander project and driven forward by

the pressure of local desire for railroad development, Hincks entered into negotiations with this constructing firm hoping thereby to interest English capitalists.

An acrimonious discussion was carried on between Hincks and Howe with reference to the Grand Trunk Railway project. The latter accused the former of not having manifested sufficient diligence in the advocacy of the Halifax and Quebec Railway, and of having killed an Imperial project in order to further an undertaking which was purely local in its nature. Without endeavouring to exhaust the arguments on either side it may be said that there was much in the circumstances of the time which justified the step taken by Hincks.

The negotiations which were entered into led to the formation of a company in 1852 to construct the Grand Trunk Railway. The earlier policy of guaranteeing interest on one half the bonds of each railway had in 1851 been changed so that one half the principal might be guaranteed as well. Representations had been made by Messrs. Baring, and Glyn, Mills & Co., the Canadian financial agents in London, that the unconditional guarantee extended by the Government jeopardized the credit of the country. It had, therefore, been determined to limit the guarantee to such railroads as might form part of the Grand Trunk in case it was undertaken by individual companies, together with the Northern and the St. Lawrence and Atlantic.

In chartering the Grand Trunk a further change was made, the Government guarantee being limited to £3,000 per mile. The company to construct the western portion of the line was incorporated with a capital of £3,000,000, while the eastern portion from Quebec to Trois Pistoles was incorporated with a capital stock of £100,000.

With the chartering of the Grand Trunk an age of rapid railroad construction began; the contemporary railroad construction in the United States stirred the country up to still

greater activity. In the fervor of railroad projection and construction Upper Canada was far ahead of Lower Canada. The more staid Lower Canadian *habitant* was not so much impressed with the advantages of railroad construction. It was not until 1854 that the provisions of the Municipal Loan Fund were extended to Lower Canada, and then the greater part of the money drawn from it was invested in works of local improvement other than railroads. In a brochure, entitled the "Philosophy of Railroads," published in 1853, Mr. Keefer complains of the apathy of Lower Canada, and points to the activity of Upper Canada in the matter of railroad construction. He states that the municipalities should have impressed on them an appreciation of the fact that taxation for railway purposes is in every sense a highly profitable investment. The extent to which aid had been extended to railroads in Upper Canada may be judged from the experience of two small towns. Port Hope, with a population of 2,500, had subscribed £130,000 to railroad construction, while Cobourg had subscribed £100,000.

It was truly the heyday of railroad construction. The general belief entertained by the municipalities that investment in railroad securities was a profitable way of obtaining an income, was at the time apparently warranted by the statement in the prospectus of the Grand Trunk that it was anticipated that the enterprise would yield 12% profit. Not only were important railway enterprises under construction in addition to the Grand Trunk, the Great Western, the Northern, and the St. Lawrence and Atlantic were in process of construction, but there was also an improved tone in trade which made people optimistic. The signers of the annexation manifesto of 1847 had predicted in gloomy mood that trade would be driven away from the shores of the St. Lawrence by the abrogation of the Protective policy which had hitherto been in vogue. But the gloomy predictions had not been justi-

fied. In 1849 the value of the goods imported into Canada had amounted to £3,272,093, upon which a duty of £444,547 had been levied; in 1851 this had increased to £5,784,368, from which a revenue of £737,439 was obtained, and by 1854 the figures had increased to £10,835,768, and £1,224,251, respectively. The war conditions of Europe had caused a dislocation of the hitherto existing economic situation, and thereby created a demand for Canadian wheat, which had hitherto been non-existent, and in consequence prices rose. Everything conducted to a buoyancy of feeling and further expansion.

A close observer of the movement would have seen signs ominous of disaster. In the speculative vein that prevailed portents were disregarded. The railroad construction was attended with much jobbery, and there were not lacking allegations that the integrity of the legislators had been attacked in the attempt to further schemes of railroad construction. A charge was made that Sir Francis Hincks had obtained £50,000 of Grand Trunk stock without any consideration appearing therefor, but a parliamentary committee, after investigating the matter, exonerated him. Later events showed that, although it had at first been assumed that the Grand Trunk had been constructed in most enduring manner, the road-bed construction had not been uniformly good, and that many of the rails put down had been of poor quality.

In the selection of the route of the railways consideration had often been taken, not of the most advantageous route from a commercial point of view, but of the obtaining of a right-of-way at as cheap a rate as possible. Stations were built at a distance from the towns they were intended to serve, and in many instances the facilities afforded were so meagre that, instead of attracting, they tended to repel trade. In addition to the excessive charges consequent upon poor construction, which was charged for as if the work had been of first-rate quality, there were

certain other matters which affected the railroads more intimately at the moment. The speculative condition which the railroads had done so much to create reacted upon the railroads. The wages of labour, skilled and unskilled, had gone up because of the greater demand which existed. It is interesting to note that in Lower Canada, in which the railroad development was so much less important, wages were from thirty to fifty per cent. lower than in Upper Canada. The increasing price of labor co-operated with the increased price of railroad supplies, consequent upon the disturbed conditions in Europe, to hamper the work of construction; contractors who had undertaken the building of sections at prices, which under former conditions would have yielded them a profit, now found it necessary to throw up their contracts, and construction of the sections had to be re-let. The difficulties in Canadian railroad construction were still further intensified by the tightness of the London money market consequent upon the Crimean war. Where formerly money could be obtained at two per cent. it was now necessary to pay from six to seven per cent.

The Grand Trunk was one of the first of the railways to feel the stress of altered circumstances, and it turned to the Government for further aid. The presence of the names of some members of the then Legislature in the prospectus of this railway, had begotten the impression in the minds of the English investors that the Government was in some way responsible for the success of this enterprise and that it had guaranteed its prosperity. An editorial writer in the London *Economist*, writing as late as the year 1860, stated that the Government was bound by its *guarantee* of 12% profit to see that the railway should have this profit upon its stock and that failing the earning of such a profit by the railway in operation, it should be made up by the Government. Although the Government disclaimed any such responsibility it found it necessary to come to the aid of the enterprise, if the utter cessation

of operations was to be prevented. The enterprise whose first issue of stock had been subscribed for twice over and which had placed its shares at a premium, now found it impossible to obtain money except at a ruinous discount. It was now found necessary in 1855 to make a loan of £900,000 to the company which was secured by a first charge on the property of the company. In 1856 authority was given to issue £2,000,000 of preferential bonds, the proceeds of which were to be expended on improvements. By this issue the Provincial line for the grants already made was postponed. And in 1857 still further aid was granted by the Provincial line being deferred until a 6% dividend was received on the common stock. At the same time the provisions which had required the presence of Government directors on the board of the company were rescinded. Instead of safeguarding the Government interests the presence of the Government directors on the board had in reality still further complicated matters, for this was construed by investors as a recognition of Government responsibility.

The difficulties of the time were manifest not only in the case of the Grand Trunk Railway, but also in the case of the other railways. The Northern Railway, which had only been completed in 1855, defaulted in its payments of interest on the Government loans in 1856. The condition of the road was so poor that it was necessary for the Government to advance \$60,000 in order to put the road into such a shape that it would be safe for traffic. In the same year the Government found it necessary to assume possession of the road in order to protect its interests.

The earlier period of railroad construction in the Canadas may be said to have terminated about the year 1854; the railroad construction which was undertaken after this was in reality the completion of the undertakings already commenced.

The picture of the earlier railroad development of the British North

American colonies is not complete without a consideration of the railroad construction which took place in the Maritime Provinces. The differences in point of policy there indicated are of interest not only in themselves but also because of the light they throw upon the after developments of railroad policy in Canada.

The interests of New Brunswick were concerned with two railroad schemes—the St. Andrews and Quebec, which was also known as the New Brunswick and Canada, and the European and North American. The temporary set-back which the St. Andrews and Quebec project had received by the settlement of the boundary dispute did not lessen the interest felt in this railroad by the Province. At the same time it was desired to obtain a connection with the New England railway system; the St. John and Shediac Railway, which was chartered in 1849, and the St. Stephen Railway, which received its charter in 1850, were looked upon as links in the chain.

The European and North American Railway received, as we have already seen, a considerable amount of discussion at the time the Halifax and Quebec Railway was under discussion. It was not, however, until 1852 that a contract was entered into with Messrs. Peto, Brassey & Betts, who were also engaged in the construction of the Grand Trunk Railway, for the construction of the portion of this railway falling within the limits of the Province at a contract price of \$32,500 per mile. The Government agreed at the same time to extend aid in the way of bonuses and advances to the extent of \$14,600 per mile. The premonitory symptoms of the crisis of 1857 led to the abandonment of the enterprise by the contractors, the Government extinguishing their claim by a payment of \$450,000. The enterprise was now undertaken as a Government work and was placed under a board of Government commissioners. The line was opened from St. John to Shediac, a distance of 108 miles, in 1860.

The pages of the New Brunswick

statute-book are plentifully supplied with legislation dealing with railroad matters, but the only other enterprise which was undertaken and completed prior to 1867 was the portion of the New Brunswick and Canada between St. Andrews and Richmond, a distance of 88 miles. This road was undertaken as a private work, aid being extended to it not only by the Government but also by the municipalities.

Thanks to the dominating personality of Howe the earlier railroad activity of Nova Scotia had looked to the construction of the Halifax and Quebec Railway. In the activity which succeeded in the following period, a period concerned with local development, the influence of Howe is also potent.

In 1852 it was determined to construct a system of railroads branching east and west from Halifax to open up the Province. Some were in favour of handing over the construction and management of the railways to private companies. Howe, however, was opposed to this. The English contracting firm which had undertaken the construction, not only of the Grand Trunk, but also of the European and North American, had tendered for the construction of the projected Nova Scotian railways. Howe said that if any agreement was entered into with them, the greatest care should be taken to adequately safeguard the provincial interests and preclude the possibility of the company making an exorbitant profit. The policy, however, which he really favoured was that of Government ownership. In the course of his letters and speeches, he had spoken in laudatory terms of the system of nationalization of the railroads prevalent in Belgium, and had advanced the opinion that only in this way could the interests of the public be adequately protected. In a communication to Earl Grey, in 1850, with reference to the Windsor railroad, he had taken the extreme position that the only thing which rendered it inadvisable to carry passengers free on Government roads was the inability of the

Government to stand the financial strain.

The policy advocated by Howe was materially advanced by the fact that the financial disquietudes of the time rendered it difficult to obtain the construction of the railroads as private enterprises. Accordingly it was determined, in 1854, to undertake the construction as Government works of a trunk line of railroad from Halifax to the New Brunswick border, together with branches to open up the eastern counties. An attempt was made to call to the aid of the provincial undertaking, the support of the municipalities. The city of Halifax was empowered to take £100,000 of stock in the undertaking, and the different municipalities through which the railroad was to pass were to bear their aliquot portion of the expenses consequent upon the expropriation of the lands necessary for the right of way.

The general control of construction and management was placed in the hands of a commission of six members. The policy of Government construction thus adopted was pursued throughout the period prior to Confederation, with one exception only; following the precedent set by New Brunswick in 1864, a policy of subsidizing was adopted by Nova Scotia in 1866. In this year a subvention of £16,320 per annum, which was afterwards capitalized, was granted towards the construction of the Windsor and Annapolis railway, which was intended to open up the western counties. As, however, this railway was not completed until after Confederation was accomplished, it does not fall within the purview of the present sketch.

Of the railways undertaken by Nova Scotia, 145 miles in all were completed by the date of Confederation. The Halifax, Truro and Windsor, 93 miles in length, was completed in 1858, while the road from Truro to Pictou, a distance of 52 miles, was not completed until 1867.

In any sketch of the eastern railroad history of Canada the portion which

must necessarily attract most attention is that which deals with the railroad development of the Canadas. There exists valid opportunity for criticism of the details of the policy adopted, and yet one must admit that the policy as a whole was advantageous in that it facilitated a railroad development which would not otherwise have been obtained. There existed faults in the guarantee Act. For example, the Northern Railway was practically built at the Government expense. The figures returned to the Government as the cost of construction were twice the actual cost of construction, and the assumption by the Government of one-half the cost in reality made it responsible for all. The opinion prevalent at the time that investment in railroads was of a profitable nature, in the shape of immediate returns, entailed much disillusionment. When the Government had undertaken to aid the railroads under the guarantee Act there was no anticipation that it would be an assumption of a perpetual obligation. The difficulties of the time affected the Great Western so that it had also to apply for a postponement of payment of interest in 1859. In 1867, the year when the earlier phase of Canadian railroad history may be said to end, the Government had incurred on account of railroad construction a direct and unanticipated expenditure on account of the Great Western, the Grand Trunk and the Northern Railway of upwards of \$33,000,000. The exact figures are as follows:

Grand Trunk Railway,	\$25,607,393.53
Great Western "	3,941,247.50
Northern "	3,776,403.60

\$33,325,044.63

Sir Francis Hincks, who devised the Municipal Loan Fund scheme, admitted that he was disappointed at the fate which this phase of his policy met. It had been anticipated that this would enable the municipalities to raise loans at a much lower rate than if they had been borrowing on their individual security. The opportunities for borrowing extended by the Municipal Loan Fund

led to lavish borrowing. The idea current was that the municipalities would obtain from their investments in railroad securities a return which would obviate the necessity of their levying taxes. When the time of trouble came, when the cessation of railroad construction co-operated with the distress consequent upon the crisis of 1857 and the meagre harvests of that and the succeeding years, the municipalities found that they were unable to meet the obligations they had so lavishly incurred, and default was made. Upper Canada was especially affected by this, since it was there that railroad aid had been granted on the most extravagant scale. The Government, although it had stated most explicitly that it was in no way responsible for the municipal obligations, found it necessary to intervene.

Full powers had indeed been granted to the central authorities to compel defaulting municipalities to make good their payments. But a representative Government finds it difficult indeed to carry out such invidious functions. It was alleged at the time that the central Government, in permitting municipalities to incur indebtedness, had had in mind the political support to be gained thereby. It is obvious that a fear of alienating political support would likewise keep the Government from having recourse to drastic measures once the default was made. In the attempt to keep up the value of the Municipal Loan Fund debentures, the Inspector-General was authorized in 1858 to sell Provincial debentures and with the proceeds to purchase the Loan Fund debentures. In the next year a further step was taken, the Municipal Loan Fund debentures being now declared receivable in payment for stock. It was now found advisable to close the Municipal Loan Fund altogether.

But the work of the Government was not yet completed. It was found necessary to assume the obligations incurred on the strength of the Municipal Loan Fund to the amount, including capital and payments of interest,

of \$12,015,800.00. In addition to the aid granted on the strength of this fund, other municipalities had, in terms of their general powers, granted aid to the extent of \$3,000,000.

The difficulties which have throughout attended the Grand Trunk manifested themselves in this period. The poor credit of the company's stock led to an inordinately heavy capitalization which in turn reacted seriously upon its dividend-paying power. Even had the road-bed construction been of the high character it was at the time stated to be, the charges of construction, upwards of \$66,000 per mile, would have been inordinate. At the same time the average cost of railroad construction in the United States was only \$44,000 per mile, and of this, at least one-third was water. The excessive charge of construction is all the more apparent when we see, from the official reports of the railroad as well as from those of the Legislative Committee, which investigated the affairs of the company in 1861, the skimpy nature of the construction and the jobbery which had been connected with it.

But other difficulties confronted the railroad. In the desire to extend its system sufficient care was not shown in the purchase of railroads. For example, when the Atlantic and St. Lawrence, the Portland connection of the Grand Trunk, was leased in 1853, it was assumed that the road was in good condition. It was found, however, that the grades were too heavy and the curves too sharp for the traffic it was desired to send over the road, and over \$2,000,000 had to be expended in construction.

The route chosen by the Grand Trunk also exposed it to much competition. From Toronto to Montreal it skirts one of the finest inland waterways of the world and the difficulty of competing with this was felt from the first. A further difficulty was the unfriendly feeling which existed between the Great Western and the Grand Trunk, a feeling which manifested itself in excessive competition and rate cut-

ting. The Great Western had understood that its line westwards from Hamilton was to form part of any trunk line constructed in the Province. When the petition of the Grand Trunk for western extension had been under consideration, the Committee on Railways had reported that the Great Western had certain vested rights which should not be infringed. Notwithstanding this, leave was granted to the Grand Trunk to extend its line to the west. The Grand Trunk was greatly desirous of obtaining this connection because it was hoped thereby to obtain a share in the trade of the United States that would recoup the losses on the eastern section of the railway. Its unfriendly relations with the Great Western went far to minimize the anticipated advantage, and the railroad found itself more than once a suppliant for Government aid.

The difficulties of railroad construction were much intensified by the speculative conditions which prevailed. The stagnation in business following the crisis of 1857 brought about an almost complete cessation of railroad construction. The excessive mileage cost, coupled with the unfortunate experience of the municipalities in extending aid to railways, turned attention aside for the time from railroad construction and so when, after Confederation, the Provinces engaged in railroad construction, they turned their attention to narrow gauge railroads of cheaper cost.

The railroad activity of the period may be summed up in the dry form of figures. Some indication of the expenditure incurred by the Canadas has been given, a general summary will set the condition of railroad development before the eye. At Confederation there existed in Upper and Lower Canada sixteen railroads having a mileage of 2,188.25 miles, which had been constructed at a cost of \$145,794,853. The majority of these railroads were merely local, since two of them, the Great Western and the Grand Trunk, embraced in their systems 1,728.75 miles, the figures being 352.25 and

1,376.50 respectively; the figures of capital cost are \$24,777,430 and \$104,477,699 respectively. The Maritime Provinces had at the time 341 miles of railroad; New Brunswick possessed 196 which had cost \$7,511,980, while Nova Scotia had constructed 145 miles of railroad at an expense of \$6,326,266. In all, Canada had at Confederation 2,529.25 miles of railroad which had been constructed at a cost of \$159,643,139.

In the ardour of railroad construction, in the desire for rapid development of the resources of the country, Canada had made sacrifices which involved a serious strain. There was now to fol-

low a season of rest and adaptation to be again followed by a period of renewed activity. The Intercolonial, whose earlier history has been sketched, and which had again been discussed in the years 1856 and 1862, came once more to the front. The discussions of the past had prepared the way for the development of the newer period; and with the undertaking of the construction of the Intercolonial, which was at once the bequest of older conditions and the harbinger of a newer national life, we pass from the earlier to the later stage of Canadian railroad history.

S. J. McLean.

SAPPHO'S SOLILOQUY.

Grillparzer's Sappho, Act III, ll. 24-50.

THE man steps freely on life's open path,
 And round him beams the morning flush of hope,
 With strength and courage, as with sword and shield,
 Armed well to win the laurel wreath of fame.
 Too narrow seems the life of thought to him,
 To the outside world his restless striving turns;
 If love mayhap he chance upon, he stoops
 To pick the winsome floweret from the earth,
 Looks at it, likes it well, and sticks it coolly
 Amongst his other trophies in his helm.
 He does not know the silent powerful glow
 Which love awakes within a woman's breast;
 How all her being, thought, all her desire
 Revolves alone around this single point,
 How all her wishes, like to tender fledglings
 Which timid flutter round the mother's nest,
 How all her wishes shy, with many a pang,
 Still cherish love, their cradle and their grave;
 Her whole life like some costly precious stone
 Hangs from the maiden neck of new-born love!
 The man loves too; but in his broader bosom
 Is room for something else than love alone,
 And much that to the woman seems a crime
 He feels, as jest, at liberty to do.
 A kiss, wherever he may happen on 't,
 He thinks himself still justified in taking;
 'Tis evil so to be, yet so it is!

W. A. R. Kerr.



GRANVILLE SHARP.



THOMAS CLARKSON.

THE ABOLITIONISTS.

WITH SPECIAL ILLUSTRATIONS FROM ORIGINAL PORTRAITS IN WAX.*

IN a few remarks on the Abolition of the Slave Trade and of Slavery in the British Dominions it is unnecessary to describe the early history and prove the antiquity of the institution which was to be assailed. We have all read the humane mitigations of the hardships of slavery prescribed by the law of Moses, and many have studied the condition of slaves among the ancient Egyptians, Greeks and Romans, and during the earlier periods of British history. We may then "*passer au déluge*" and consider the extent and character of slavery as it existed in the British empire when the brave, devoted and untiring besiegers began their attack.

Even in the British Isles men of our own race and their families were held in absolute slavery by their fellow countrymen less than one hundred years ago. The colliers and salters of Scotland, native Scotsmen, were slaves in every sense of the word until freed by Act of Parliament in 1799. They were bound to serve during their lives, were forbidden to leave the parish in which they were born, and were sold

together with the mines or quarries in which they worked; so that they were "*adscriptitii glebae*"—bound to the soil. Their extraordinary condition was so far from being due to an unnoticed or forgotten remnant of ancient law that it was actually provided for in a modern enactment. In the Scottish "*Habeas Corpus*" Act of 1701 the colliers and salters were expressly excepted from its operation, so that their slavery was recognized and their fetters riveted anew by the formal act of their fellow countrymen. An attempt was made to enfranchise them in 1775, but it proved ineffectual, and it was not until 1799 that their freedom was absolutely established by law. With this exception, however, British soil has been free from the reproach of slavery since the expiration of "*villénage*" at about the end of the sixteenth century.

In the colonies the natives had generally been reduced to slavery by the first settlers, and, as this source of labour became insufficient, the supply was recruited by importations from the African coast.

In 1502 the Spaniards were employ-

* The portraits illustrating this paper are from originals by Miss Catherine Andras, taken from life and now in the possession of the writer.

ing negro-slaves in the mines of Hispañola, and even the pious and heroic Las Casas wrote and argued elaborately in favour of negro-slavery in order that he might save the natives, who were totally unfitted for hard labour, from extermination.

The first Englishman known to have engaged in slave-dealing was John Hawkins, a native of Devon, who obtained three hundred negroes by purchase or capture on the coast of Guinea, whom he exchanged in Hispañola for hides, ginger, sugar and pearls. He returned to England after a prosperous voyage in 1563, and was knighted by Queen Elizabeth. His adventurous spirit and love of gain led him at last to a cruel death, but he had many imitators, daring seamen, induced by hope of riches or by a desire to fight the Spaniard, who seized negroes and sold them for slaves, captured Spanish treasureships or landed and plundered Spanish towns with equal lightheartedness.

In those West India Islands which afterwards fell by conquest under British rule, slavery had then been long established. In Jamaica, when it was captured by Admiral Penn and General Venables, 1655, the population was said to consist of 4,500 whites and 1,400 negroes, while Martin gives the population in 1828 as 35,000 whites and 322,000 slaves.

Formally legalized by statutes (10 Will. iii., c. 26, 5 Geo. ii., cap. 7, and 32 Geo. ii., cap. 31) neither the injustice and inhumanity of keeping slaves nor the horrible cruelties perpetrated in the slave-trade seem to have drawn any protest from the Christian communities of Great Britain until late in the eighteenth century.

Many public writers, it is true, had written in condemnation of negro-slavery from an early period of our colonial history, but the Society of Friends alone, as a community, opposed strenuously in principle and practice the enslavement of the African race. George Fox, a prominent member, delivered an address on the subject to the inhabitants of Barbadoes,

but the first public censure of the traffic passed by the Friends in their collective capacity was in 1727, when it was resolved "that the importing of negroes from their native country and relations by Friends is not a commendable or allowed practice, and is therefore censured by this meeting."

In 1761 it was resolved to disown any member of the Society of Friends who should have any concern in the traffic.

Meanwhile the question of the rights of a colonial slave who visited the mother country had not been raised.

The first case brought to the notice of a law court was that of a negro brought to Scotland by his master, Robert Sheddan. The negro claimed his liberty and, but that the unfortunate man died before his case could be heard, there is little doubt that a Scottish Court would have had the honour of first establishing the glorious law of liberty to all, irrespective of colour, who set foot on British soil.

Granville Sharp in 1763 took up the case of Jonathan Strong, a negro slave in London, but, in spite of strenuous efforts and able pleading, Mansfield and Blackstone both decided against him, following the judgment of Yorke and Talbot in 1729 which affirmed property in slaves even when in England. Mr. Sharp fought several other such cases unsuccessfully until 1771 when James Somerset, a negro servant, brought to London by his master, left his service and refused to return. Mr. Stewart, the owner, caused him to be apprehended and put in irons on board a ship in the Thames about to sail for Jamaica when some friends, acting on legal advice, obtained a writ of "Habeas Corpus" and brought him before the Court of King's Bench where finally, after long and thorough discussion, Lord Mansfield gave judgment to the effect that slavery in England was illegal and that the negro must be declared free.

This first great victory was due to Granville Sharp who, though poor and dependent and engaged in the duties



WILLIAM WILBERFORCE.



PITT.

of a toilsome calling, supplied the money, the leisure, the perseverance and the learning required for this great controversy. Some four years later a consentient opinion was delivered in Scotland in the case of Knight, also a coloured man who claimed his freedom. On this occasion the Sheriff gave judgment that "the state of slavery is not recognized by the laws of this kingdom."

But the holding of slaves in the Colonies and the supplying of them from the coast of Africa, went on without opposition until the newly formed "Society for the Abolition of Slavery" made their first appeal to Parliament in 1788.

This society consisted wholly of "Friends," except two members, Granville Sharp, who was chairman, and Thomas Clarkson.

Mr. Granville Sharp, whose grandfather was Archbishop of York, and father Archdeacon of Northumberland, was educated at Durham Grammar School, and afterwards going into business, served successively under a Quaker, an Irish Roman Catholic, a Presbyterian and an atheist. His learning was great and his chivalry amounted to Quixotism. He was the author of innumerable works on Law,

Divinity and Philology. Students of the Greek Testament will remember his "Remarks on the Uses of the Definite Article in the New Testament," in which he lays down the important rule, called "Granville Sharp's Canon," that, when two personal nouns of the same case are connected by *Kai* while the former has the definite article and the latter has not, then they both denote the same person—a rule of priceless importance in dealing with the Unitarian heresy. In 1758 he was appointed to a post in the Ordnance Department but resigned when the American War of Independence broke out because he disapproved of the manner in which the Colonies had been treated. His energy and ability, the multitude of questions of public and private interest that he fought to a successful issue would take too much space to describe, but the cream and most valuable part of his life was devoted to the Abolition of Slavery. Sir James Mackintosh, himself a fervent philanthropist, says of Granville Sharp: "He possessed the most inflexible of human wills united to the gentlest of human hearts," and, alluding to Burke's famous sentence, he said that "as long as Granville Sharp lived it was too soon to

proclaim that the age of chivalry was past." He lived until 1813, long enough to see the abolition of the slave trade, but not to witness the final triumph of the cause he had espoused. A new and energetic ally had entered the field in 1785 in the person of Thomas Clarkson, a young Cambridge student. He gained the prize for an essay on the subject "*an liceat invitos in servitutem dare*," and, in collecting materials for his composition, was so moved by the horrible cruelty of the traffic in slaves that he determined to devote his life to its abolition. Clarkson travelled to Bristol, Liverpool and other ports whence slave-ships were fitted out, collecting evidence and securing witnesses, in which task he endured much opposition, abuse and even violence at the hands of unscrupulous men interested in the slave trade. At last, armed with a long array of facts, records of atrocious cruelty committed, not only on the persons of the unfortunate negroes, but also upon members of the crews of slave-ships, he obtained an interview with William Wilberforce, and induced that eloquent and earnest Christian man to bring the matter before Parliament.

In a beautiful park near Sevenoaks, in Kent, on the crest of a hill and overshadowed by noble trees, there stands to this day a rustic seat on the back of which is an inscription to the effect that, sitting in that seat, William Wilberforce, in company with his firm friend and powerful ally, William Pitt, declared his intention to devote himself, with the help of God, to the cause of the oppressed negro-slave. Worthily was the promise kept. Session after session he persisted, in spite of bitter opposition and misrepresentation, in leading an ever-increasing minority to the charge, until at last he had the happiness to see his efforts successful.

The first resolution in Parliament against the slave trade was moved in 1788, but Wilberforce was prevented by illness from being present. Here Pitt stepped generously forward and took up the task of his absent friend,

although the young minister was well aware of the opposition he would thereby bring upon his party from the rich and powerful combination of those interested in maintaining the iniquitous institution.

The resolution was adopted by the House, but a resolution of the House of Commons is often long in bearing the fruit of practical legislation. There were many pressing matters before Parliament which clamoured for precedence, and meanwhile men, women and children were suffering indescribable misery at the hands of their inhuman captors and purchasers. Sir William Dolben, whose kindly heart was touched deeply by the recital of the horrors of the "*Middle Passage*," as the voyage from the coast of Africa to the West India Islands and America was then called, rose and, in an eloquent and impassioned speech, urged that something should be done at once to check the awful suffering and loss of life attendant on the transport of the negroes to the market where they were to be sold as dumb cattle. The feelings of the House were roused; a short Bill was passed to mitigate the horrors of the "*Middle Passage*," providing against over-crowding in slave-ships, but even this modest measure of humanity did not pass without opposition. It was, however, the first successful blow struck at the disgraceful system.

Though the clash of arms and the noise of battle drowned at times the earnest voices of the advocates of freedom, yet they persevered until their glorious task was done.

The fearful thunder-peal of revolution and war on the continent turned every face to watch the progress of the storm, so that little notice could be gained for even the most pressing needs at home, while in the great political earthquake any changes, even the most salutary, were regarded with suspicion.

The cause of the negro especially suffered from the outrages committed by the slave population of San Domingo, who, catching the spirit of revolt



SIR WILLIAM DOLBEN.



LORD THURLOW.

from their masters, outdid even them in the fury of their revenge for past wrongs.

Another cause of delay operated even upon those friendly to the cause. In 1787 and 1788 no fewer than 100 petitions signed by many thousands of people from influential places produced such effect upon the deliberations of Parliament that the question of the slave trade was at once taken into consideration by the Government, remedial measures were adopted and resolutions passed which ultimately led to its abolition. Now the King, and even Mr. Pitt, friendly as he was to the cause, viewed with disfavour this triumph of the method of influencing Parliament by addresses and petitions. They feared that the same power might be exercised on future occasions for ends less worthy, or, at any rate, less acceptable to the Executive.

In 1793 and 1794 Mr. Wilberforce renewed the attack, but though he obtained a majority in the Commons, his motions were negatived in the Lords, chiefly through the loud and energetic opposition of Lord Thurlow. During the next four years Mr. Wilberforce brought the matter repeatedly before the House, after which active measures in Parliament were suspended for some years, but no pains were

spared to open the eyes and awaken the conscience of the nation. All classes of the people and all religious communities of every denomination were represented in the Anti-slavery Society. Evidence was collected at great labour and expense to expose the barbarity and iniquity of the traffic.

Tracts were delivered in almost every house; from pulpit and platform the cause of the negro was pleaded.

Nothing less would have sufficed for success. The negro was far away, despised, too often a subject of ridicule. No profit could accrue to the nation from his emancipation. On the contrary, it was to be apprehended that this act of justice and benevolence would, as it eventually did, cost the country a heavy sum.

Powerful, numerous and wealthy classes were interested in the maintenance of slavery. Merchants, ship-owners and mariners, as well as planters, thought their interest and even their livelihood bound up with the institution.

Thus obstacles of all kinds had to be overcome, but the chief of these—indifference, ignorance and prejudice—gave way to the energy, eloquence and untiring good temper of the assailants until the Society, with all that was

best and noblest in the nation arrayed on its side, had to face only the openly selfish opposition of vested interests.

In 1804, after this active campaign of fourteen years, the matter came again before Parliament, when a bill for the Abolition of the Slave Trade was actually read a second time, but postponed.

Again the sound of battle called off the attention of the people—the threatened invasion by the French, the overthrow of our allies at Ulm and Austerlitz, the glorious victory of Trafalgar, and the loss within a few months of Nelson and of Pitt delayed action, but Fox, who for this benevolent purpose had joined hands with his great rival, had the honour of passing into law, in 1806, the first bill making the slave trade illegal.

Thus, at last, the victory was won. The slave trade was not only prohibited by law—that might perhaps have been accomplished twenty years earlier but for the interruptions of war—but denounced and proscribed by public opinion, so that it had not, as smuggling long had, and duelling still longer, the countenance of society in secret to support it in defiance or evasion of the law.

Much remained still to be done, but it was the pursuit of a flying enemy—the forces of slavery were routed.

In 1807, after the death of Fox, the penalty of transportation was assigned to the offence of procuring slaves in Africa.

In 1811 Brougham's bill fixed the penalty for trading in slaves in any part of His Majesty's dominions at fourteen years' penal servitude.

The emancipation of those who had already been made slaves, or who had been born in slavery, was next to be considered, as well as provision made for the disposal of those rescued from slave-ships "in transitu."

It was obvious that to set free unconditionally and suddenly a great number of negroes in a white settlement before the harsh restraints of slavery had been replaced by some juster and more humane provision for

their good conduct would be an act of madness, fraught with imminent danger to the white population, and eventually to the blacks themselves, whose interests were under consideration. The state of slavery then was succeeded by an intermediate system of apprenticeship, which, it was hoped, would educate the slaves in habits of industry and saving before complete freedom was granted.

This plan, though not completely successful, was instrumental in lessening the dangers apprehended, and the West India Islands under British rule have suffered since emancipation rather from fiscal and natural economical causes than from the change in the labour system.

The immediate loss to the planters caused by suddenly depriving them of so large a proportion of their property as their slaves constituted was met by a noble gift from the nation of £20,000,000, worth then in round numbers \$100,000,000. This sum was apportioned among the different islands according to the number of slaves freed and their value, calculated on an average of eight years' private and public sales in each island.

From the official account it appears that 780,993 slaves were freed, and compensation for each varied from £120 per head in British Honduras to £30 per head in the Bahamas.

In consequence of the decision of Parliament making the slave trade illegal many slave-ships were captured and their unhappy freights set free, but it was difficult to know how to dispose of the numbers of negroes thus fallen into the hands of their liberators.

Some were set ashore on the coast of Africa, supplied with tools, arms and provisions, but it was probable that the greater number of these would fall again into the hands of the slavers or be exterminated or enslaved by the tribes to which they might come. Granville Sharp, aided by philanthropic capitalists, established a settlement in Sierra Leone for their reception, which, after undergoing many vicissitudes, is now a thriving colony.

The British Government afterwards provided a temporary settlement in St. Helena to which the captors of slavers might bring their rescued negroes. A humane and gallant officer, Major Young, of the St. Helena Militia, who was for many years the Government's agent for the reception and disposal of liberated slaves, has often described his labours to the present writer. On the arrival of a captured slaver he would go on board at once to inspect her, where, notwithstanding the good-natured efforts of the prize crew, the sights, sounds and effluvia were appalling. The first task was to get the negroes out of the ship and march them or carry them under guard to a large open space among the cabins prepared for their temporary dwellings. There they were ranged in two lines, men on one side, women and children on the other, and each woman in turn was ordered, through an interpreter, to pick out her own husband, father or brother.

Many affecting sights attended these unexpected reunions of families. Often mother and son, husband and wife, met there for the first time since they had been forcibly seized in their inland village and marched in gangs to the coast, ignorant each of the other's fate. When the families had been as well collected as possible all were supplied with baths and clean clothes and the newly united households installed in the several cabins assigned to them.

Some few remained to work in the island as hired servants, some shipped to Sierra Leone, others to various places where their labour could procure them a living.

It is distressing to hear from recent accounts of travellers in Africa that the slave trade is not by any means destroyed as yet. M. Héli Chatelain estimates the slave population of Africa



FOX.

as still numbering 50 millions, and a British estimate to which he refers considers that even now 500,000 lives are yearly sacrificed in the traffic. In a large part of the interior slaves constitute still the regular currency. Parents sell their children. The tracks of the caravans may be followed between rows of bleaching bones. These are statements made in December last by an apparently trustworthy witness. Let us hope that European occupation of the "Dark Continent" may soon put an end to this appalling state of things and that, especially where the British flag has been planted by her brave soldiers, liberty and wise government may spread and continue; that the labours and lives of Livingstone, Cameron, Gordon and Baker and of a host of other gallant and humane pioneers may bear good fruit, and while we honour these names, let us hold also in loving remembrance the less dazzling achievements of those who toiled to free our own hearts and consciences from the guilt of the Slave Trade.

Gay Andras.



CANADIAN CELEBRITIES.

MR. E. S. CLOUSTON.

BORN at Moose Factory, Hudson's Bay, on May the 9th, 1849, educated at the High School, Montreal; and at the age of forty-nine steering one of the largest craft in the world's fleet of finance, Edward Seabourne Clouston is an encouraging example to the ambitious and patriotic youth of our great Dominion.

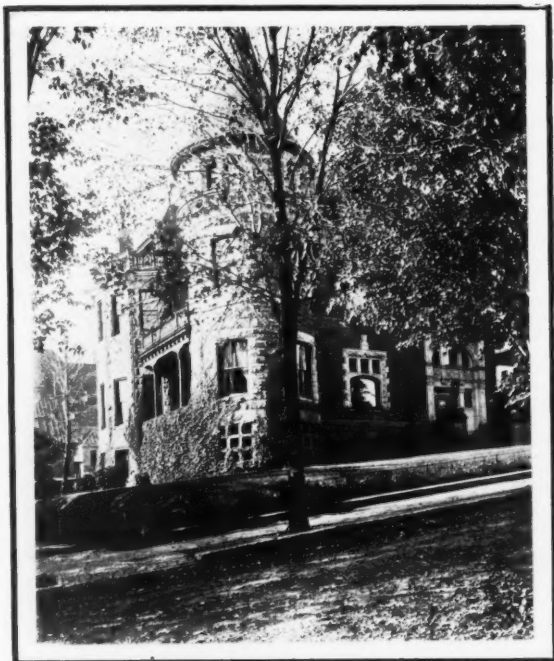
Mr. Clouston spent one year in the Hudson's Bay Company's service, of which his father, James Stewart Clouston, was at that time Chief Factor, before entering the Bank of Montreal at the age of sixteen.

Mr. Clouston's very successful career is most interesting to follow. In his twentieth year he was appointed accountant at Brockville; accountant at Hamilton two years later; assistant accountant at Montreal in 1874; attached to the London, England, office in 1875; the New York office in 1876; assistant inspector in 1877; assistant manager at Montreal in 1879; manager at Montreal Branch in 1881; assistant general manager in 1887; joint general manager, and finally general manager at the youthful age of forty-one.

Mr. Clouston took the helm at a critical period in the Bank's history; the Baring crisis occurred almost immediately after his appointment, and was followed in rapid succession by the Australian crisis, the U.S.

Currency famine of 1893, and the Silver crisis of 1896, beside several minor American and local financial disturbances. Owing to the great ramifications of the business of the Bank of Montreal all these troubles affected the institution to a certain extent; but the able brain, keen judgment and unflagging supervision of this master of finance brought his leviathan charge in safety through shoals and reefs upon which lay broken many a lesser craft.

In the second year of Mr. Clouston's administration the Bank became the Government agent for Canada in London, and in 1895 the Government Bankers for Newfoundland.



MR. CLOUSTON'S MONTREAL RESIDENCE.



AT 18.

should not always be the premier colony of the Empire. With regard to our present admirable system of banking, Mr. Clouston has no doubt that from time to time changes will have to be made to keep pace with the requirements of the country. When asked what he considered the most important elements in a successful financial career, Mr. Clouston pertinently replied, "chiefly common

In Mr. Clouston's opinion, Canada's financial future depends largely upon the judicious administration of the finances of the country by the Dominion Government, and the conservative management of the larger banks. He considers that so far the selection of Ministers of Finance has been most fortunate, and that there is no reason, except through dishonest, extravagant, or bungling financiering, why Canada, backed by her great natural wealth,



AT 24.

sense, a good digestion and a knowledge of mankind. Brilliant men and theorists are often as dangerous in banking as they are in other professions."

He has always led an athletic life, having a firm belief in "Mens sana in corpore sano," and thinks that to be successful in banking as in athletics, a man must be temperate, have good judgment, control of his temper, and be persevering.



E. S. CLOUSTON—AT 48.

To a strict adherence to these excellent rules much of Mr. Clouston's success is undoubtedly due.

In sports as in other matters, this many-sided man is extremely patriotic: in his youth playing our national games, lacrosse and hockey, since then winning distinction on cricket and football fields, as well as at rackets, tennis, sailing, canoeing and golf; but at the present time preferring riding and sailing during his leisure moments.



AT 31.



AT 40.



BOISBRIANT—MR. CLOUSTON'S COUNTRY HOUSE.

In addition to being a practical admirer of foreign art and literature, Mr. Clouston takes an intense interest in that of Canada, and from the rapid development in both during the past ten years looks forward with great expectation to the next decade.

Among the photographs we are fortunate in being able to reproduce is that of "Boisbriant," lately purchased by Mr. Clouston and formerly the country seat of the late Sir John Abbott, Prime Minister of Canada. This historical estate, situated on the Lake of Two Mountains, is peculiarly interesting to Canadians, for within its boundaries stand the picturesque and time beautiful ruins of Fort Senneville, built by

the son of Jacques Le Ber, "when the world was younger."

Owing to the enforced brevity of this sketch it is impossible to convey any sense of the latent power, the singular versatility, and the overpowering individuality of this Canadian, who by the "living of his life," strong personality, instantaneous grasp of the most complicated subject, and splendid pertinacity of purpose in the responsible position to which he has been called, fully bears out that

"The heights by great men reached and kept,
Were not attained by sudden flight;
But they, while their companions slept,
Were toiling upwards in the night."

"E. Q. V."





MACKINAC—THE SAULT STE. MARIE RAPIDS.

MICHILIMACKINAC.

AN HISTORICAL SKETCH BY JUDGE ERMATINGER.

THERE are a few spots on this continent which appeal at once to the eye, to the memory and to the imagination, by reason of the outward beauty, historic interest and wealth of legendary lore, attaching to them. Quebec is one of these spots; Michilimackinac, now commonly abbreviated to Mackinac, is another. Michilimackinac was the rendezvous of the red men—where, more than two centuries ago, the Jesuit fathers gathered them in chapel and school. The soldiers of France, England and the United States have successively garrisoned it, while the traders of the three nations made it their chief depot in the west. Four times its flag has changed.

The evacuation of this old fortress* by the United States troops more than two years ago, brought to a close its military annals—though the people of the island still live in hope of a return of the blue coats to their former quarters

there. Though some of the ancient trading books are preserved at the John Jacob Astor hotel, the former home of the American Fur Company, the glory of the old trading post has departed, to be succeeded by the bazaars and stalls of the vendors of curios and Indian work and the shops of the modern tradespeople. Even the fish, for which the surrounding waters have been justly celebrated from time immemorial, have been threatened with extinction by the rapacious modern pound-net.

For centuries the Indians of that vast region of lake and river were wont to gather at Michilimackinac, their canoes dancing in hundreds upon the clear waters surrounding the beautiful little island, whose peculiar shape, or the mysterious legends as to its being the abode of certain supernatural beings—it is not quite certain which—gave it its name, which signifies, according to common acceptance, the "Great Turtle."

Of late years the ancient military and trading post has acquired a new character. The charm and singular beauty of the island's situation and

* More accurately speaking the last of three successive neighbouring posts. The site of the first post was at St. Ignace on the northerly mainland of Michigan. Mackinaw on the southerly mainland, across the straits, occupies the site of the second, while Mackinac is the name now usually applied to the island, on which the third or present fort stands.

scenery, as well as its healthful atmosphere, have brought the inevitable tourist; while the big summer hotel, the more or less artistic summer mansion and cottage, the crowded excursion steamer and the electric lighted pleasure yacht, have eclipsed the picturesque wigwam, the log dwelling and



MACKINAC—ARCH ROCK.

the birch-bark canoe. The guns fired by the *Northwest* and *Northland*—those palatial twin steamships which make the island a port of call—or the parting report from the brightly burnished brass ordnance of visiting yachts are the only sounds to now remind the islanders of the boom of cannon, which used daily to resound from the fort above them.

According to the Jesuit relations of 1671,

"Michilimackinac is an island famous in these regions, of more than a league in diameter, and elevated in some places by such high cliffs as to be seen more than twelve leagues off. It is situated just in the strait forming the communication between Lake Huron and Illinois (Michigan). It is the key and, as it were, the gate for all the tribes from the south, as the Sault is for those from the north, there

being in this section of country only these two passages by water; for a great number of nations have to go by one or other of these channels in order to reach the French settlements. This presents a peculiarly favourable opportunity, both for instructing those who pass here, and also for obtaining easy access and conveyance to their places of abode."

The good father next expatiates on the opportunity for combining instruction with fishing—even as his Master did. "This place," he says, "is the most noted in these regions for the abundance of its fishes; for, according to the Indian saying, 'this is the home of the fishes.' Elsewhere," he naively remarks, "although they exist in large numbers, is not properly their home (*demeure*) which is in the neighbourhood of Michilimackinac." He descants upon their variety and size and the attraction which they present, combined with the excellence of the soil for Indian corn, to the Indians of those regions, formerly driven away by the Iroquois, to once more make this their headquarters. He continues:

"In order to aid the execution of the design, signified to us by many of the savages, of taking up their abode at this point, where some have already passed the winter, hunting in the neighbourhood, we ourselves have also wintered here, in order to make arrangements for establishing the mission of *St. Ignace*, from whence it will be easy to have access to all the Indians of Lake Huron, when the several tribes shall have settled each on its own land."

Accordingly the Jesuit mission of *St. Ignace* was established on the northerly point of the mainland and a chapel built by Father Dablon, the Superior, where Father Marquette gathered the Huron Indians, now settled there, for Christian worship. On the 14th June, 1671, they both were present, with several other Jesuit missionaries, at a somewhat elaborate ceremony performed at the Sault Ste. Marie by Sieur de Saint Lusson, sub-delegate of the Intendant of New France, after a solemn treaty had been entered into with some fourteen of the Indian tribes. The ceremony was described in a *procès verbal* which, after various recitals, proceeds:

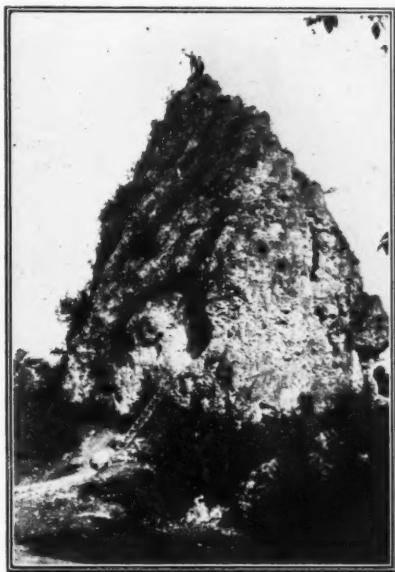
"We have caused this, our said commission, to be read to them [the Indians] in the presence of the reverend fathers of the Society of Jesus, and of all the Frenchmen nam-

ed below, and have had it interpreted by Nicolas Perrot, interpreter of His Majesty in this matter, in order that they may not be able (to claim) to be ignorant of it. Having then caused a cross to be erected to produce the fruits there of Christianity, and near it a cedar pole, to which we have attached the arms of France, saying three times with a loud voice and public proclamation, that *in the name of the most high, most powerful and most redoubtable monarch, Louis XIV. of name, most Christian King of France and Navarre*, we take possession of said place Sainte Marie du Sault, as also of the Lakes Huron and Superior, the Island of Caientaton (Manitoulin) and of all other lands, rivers, lakes and streams contiguous to and adjacent here, as well discovered as undiscovered, which are bounded on the one side by the seas of the North and West, and on the other side by the sea of the South, in its whole length or depth, taking up at each of the said three proclamations a sod of earth, crying 'Vive le Roi' and causing the same to be cried by the whole assembly as well French as Indians, declaring to the said nations aforesaid and hereafter that from henceforth they were to be protégés (subjects) of His Majesty, subject to obey his laws and follow his customs, promising them all protection and succour on his part against the incursion and invasion of their enemies, declaring to all other potentates, sovereign princes, as well States as Republics, to them or their subjects, that they neither can nor shall seize upon or dwell in any place of this country, unless with the good pleasure of his most Christian Majesty, and of him who shall govern the land in his name, under penalty of incurring his hatred and the efforts of his arms—and that none may pretend ignorance of this transaction, we have now attached on the reverse side of the arms of France our *procès verbal* of the taking possession, signed by ourselves and the persons below—Done at Sainte Marie du Sault, the 14th day of June, in the year of grace 1671.—**DAUMONT DE SAINT LUSON**" followed by the signatures of the witnesses.*

It must have formed a picturesque scene—the gaily-dressed officers and traders, the black-robed priests, the sober faces of the fourteen tribes of dusky protégés—as the sod was raised and the cry "Vive le Roi!" rent the air, the glimmering waters of the Sault rapids dancing past, laughing as if in derision of so idle a ceremony and such fleeting power as that of earthly kings, when compared with their own resistless, ever continuous force!

On the 17th May, 1673, Marquette departed, in company with M. Joliet,

from Michilimackinac, under orders from Count Frontenac, the Governor, and M. Talon, the Intendant, of New France, to visit and explore the Mississippi—an expedition Marquette had long yearned to take part in. Five men and two birch-bark canoes accompanied them. "Our joy at being chosen for this expedition," says Marquette, "roused our courage and sweetened the labour of rowing from morning till night." On their well-known voyage by way of the Fox and Wisconsin Rivers to the Mississippi and as far down as the Arkansas, and their return to Green Bay, it is unnecessary to dwell. Joliet returned to Quebec. Marquette remained at Green Bay mission until October, 1674, proceeding thence to the Chicago River, from whence, after a few



MACKINAC—SUGAR LOAF ROCK.

months, his strength failing, he set sail for Michilimackinac once more in May, 1675. On the way his spirit fled, while he was engaged at his devotions by a little river in Michigan, where he and his men had put in. Two years later, on the anniversary of

* Perrot's Memoires.

his death, his bones were transported by the Indians, with a convoy of thirty canoes, to Point St. Ignace, where they were received with great ceremony by the missionaries and people, and remained in state all day Whitmonday, 1677, and were next day deposited in a little vault under the church. The spot is now marked by a monument.

In 1679 La Salle, accompanied by Father Hennepin, Henry de Tonty, DuLhut and others arrived at Michilimackinac in a large vessel, whose size and the noise of whose cannon aston-

of land over against Michilimackinac. Their villages are fortified with palisades twenty-five feet high, and always situated upon eminences or hills. They received us with more respect than the Ottawas; for they made a triple discharge of all the small guns they had, having learned from some Europeans that it is the greatest civility among us. However, they took such a fear (*jalousie*) of our ship that, as we understood since, they endeavoured to make our expedition odious to all the nations about them."

This ship, which had been built under the direction of La Salle near the Niagara River early that year and called the *Griffon*, was the first to navigate the upper lakes. She was despatched by La Salle from Green Bay, but was lost, together with her cargo of furs.

Baron La Hontan, writing from Michilimackinac in 1688, describes it as "certainly a place of great importance," and in 1695 M. de la Motte Cadillac, who was in command there, states "that this village is one of the largest in all Canada. There is a fine fort of pickets, and sixty houses that form a street in a straight line. There is a garrison of well-disciplined, chosen soldiers, consisting of about two hundred men, besides many other persons who are residents here during two or three months in the year."

On Cadillac's subsequently establishing a fort at Detroit, in 1701, the French garrison went thither, and the Hurons and a portion of the Ottawas followed. A dispute with the Jesuits ensuing, the latter burned their chapel and college and withdrew to Quebec in 1705. The Mission was re-established, but the garrison was not until 1714, and on Father Charlevoix' visit in 1721 he found it still languishing from the stroke given it by Cadillac.

Disputes between the French and English as to the fur trade had long since arisen, inasmuch that M. de Denonville in 1687 was remonstrating with Governor Dongan of New York for having given orders for the des-



MACKINAC—A BLOCK HOUSE.

ished the Hurons and their neighbours, the Ottawas. Hennepin writes:

"We went to see the Ottawas, and celebrated mass in their colony (*habitation*). M. La Salle was finely dressed, having a scarlet cloak with broad gold lace, and most of his men, with their arms, attended him. The chiefs of this people received us with great civility, after their own way, and some of them came on board with us to see our ship, which rode meantime in the bay or creek I have spoken of. It was a diverting prospect to see, every day, above six score canoes about it, and savages staring and admiring that fine wooden canoe, as they called it. They brought us abundance of whittings, and some trout of fifty or sixty pounds weight.

"We went next day to pay a visit to the Hurons, who inhabit a rising ground on a neck

* This and some other translations in this article are, with some slight alterations, adopted from Dr. Bailey's "Mackinac."

patch of "canoes to trade at Missilimaquina, where an Englishman had never set his foot, and where we, the French, are established more than 60 years."

These disputes continued during many long years, down to the fall of Quebec before the arms of Wolfe, and the surrender of Canada to the British. On the capitulation of Montreal, the Marquis de Vaudreuil wrote on the 9th Feb., 1760, "I have wisely capitulated with General Amherst on very advantageous terms for the colours, and particularly for the inhabitants of the post of Michilimackinac. They have liberty to exercise their own religion, keep possession of their household goods and real estate, and also of their furs, etc. They have the same privileges as all the subjects of Great Britain."

The writer of this article stood, on a Sunday afternoon of the past summer, upon the wall of the present fort on Mackinac Island, looking down at the baseball ground in its rear, where many spectators were gathering to witness a match between a team from the Sault Ste. Marie and a local nine. One could not but think of that unhappy 4th of June, 1763,* when the Ojibways gathered to play ball without the Fort of Michilimackinac, which before that time had been shifted across the straits from the northerly to the southerly peninsula, where "Mackinaw City" now is. The game played, however, on that occasion was not baseball, but *baggotaway*, practically identical with the game known now so well as la-

crosse, Canada's national game. The salient features of the game as then played, as well as the thrilling sequel to that day's match, are exceedingly well described by the trader Henry, who was one of the survivors of the massacre, and since repeated with slightly varying details by Parkman and others. A repetition of the details is unnecessary here, the bare facts being that Major Etherington, the commandant, and another officer were induced to go outside the fort to witness the game, and, while there, the ball was thrown, as if by accident, over the stockade. The Indians rushed in after it and, snatching from their squaws, who had placed themselves previously



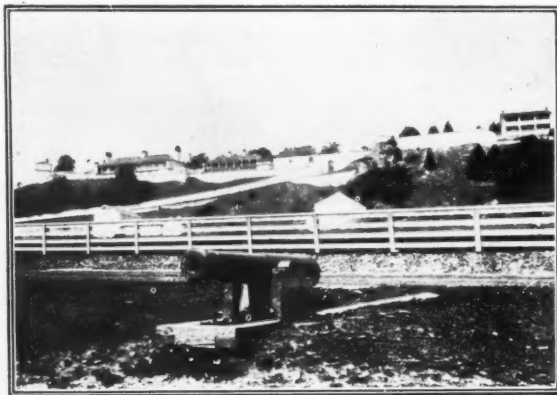
MACKINAC—A BEACH VIEW.

within the enclosure, tomahawks, which were concealed beneath the women's blankets, slaughtered all but about half a dozen of the surprised whites.

Among the latter were the trader Henry, as well as Major Etherington, and the story of the former's escape and subsequent perilous adventures among the Indians, with whom he was obliged to sojourn for many months, part of the time himself disguised as a redman, goes to prove that truth is sometimes stranger than even border fiction. Many times the knife, the tomahawk, cold, exposure and hunger threatened his life, yet he was preserved and lived to return to civilization, and write a narrative of his adventures as

*The 4th June (the King's birthday) was evidently the true date. Parkman in a note in his *Pontiac* says: "Etherington says the second," but this is founded on an obvious error in Etherington's letter to Major Gladwin of 12th June, for on the 11th June he had written Lieut. Gorall, "This place was taken by surprise on the 4th instant by the Chippewas (Ojibways)," etc.

strange, thrilling, and well-nigh incredible as ever dime novel or the pen of a Mayne Reid presented. Yet the tale bears the impress of truth and has been generally so accepted.



MACKINAC—THE FORT.

Alexander Henry was one of the first, if not the first, of the English traders, who attempted to establish themselves at Michilimackinac, where he arrived in 1761. The fort was at that time on the south side of the Straits and garrisoned by a small number of militia, with their families—settlers rather than soldiers. Most of those he found in the fort, Henry says, had originally served in the French army. The reception of Henry and some other English traders who came shortly after, by both Chippewas and Ottawas, was of such a nature as to excite their gravest apprehension, not only as to the safety of their goods but their lives as well. The timely arrival of a strong detachment of the 60th regiment under Lieut. Lesslie, put an end, for the time being, to their fears.

Henry did not, fortunately for himself, go out to witness the game of ball on the King's birthday, 1763. Major Etherington with two subalterns and ninety privates at this time formed

the garrison and four English merchants, among whom was Henry, were also at the Fort. The commandant had received warning of an attempt to destroy the garrison and all the English of the upper country, but, ignorant of the bloody drama in preparation and in process of enactment elsewhere under Pontiac, Etherington disregarded the warning. Henry had also received hints of the same kind from a Chippewa chief, Wawatam

by name, who had, the year previous, formed a strong personal regard for the English trader, and adopted him as a brother, under the guidance, as he said,



MACKINAC—THE VILLAGE, FROM THE FORT.

of the Great Spirit. A brother in time of need he afterwards proved. It was not due to his warning, however, but to pressure of business, that Henry was writing in a house, next that of an interpreter named Langlade, when

the slaughter began. Attracted by a war cry to the window, he witnessed the cutting down and scalping of a number of the English and the death of one of the subalterns, Lieutenant Janette. Escaping to Langlade's house unseen, he sought protection there; but Langlade and his family were too much engrossed with the spectacle they were witnessing from the windows to regard him. Fortunately a Pawnee slave woman beckoned him to a place of concealment in the attic of the house, where through an aperture he again witnessed the horrors being enacted without—the scalping and mangling of bodies, the agonies of the victims who were still alive, the quaffing of the blood of the slaughtered by their relentless butchers. Henry was sought for. Even the garret where he lay was penetrated by the blood-smear-savages, from whom for the time being he remained concealed in a corner in the dark. All that day and night he remained hidden in this attic, his feelings more easily imagined than described. In the morning Langlade's wife, who had become aware of his presence and given him some water to drink, fearing that their friendship or kinship with the Indians, would not secure the safety of themselves and their children, should it become known that they were shielding an Englishman, disclosed his hiding place. Henry was pounced upon by the almost naked and wholly intoxicated savages, one of whom, six feet in height, with face and body covered with charcoal and grease, except for a white circle around either eye, seized the terrified trader by the collar and held to his breast the point of a large carving knife. The spirits he had imbibed—if not the Great Spirit—seem to have impelled him to drop his uplifted hand at this moment and announce that he—like Wawatam—had lost a brother and would adopt the Englishman in his stead. Relinquished by this new brother, Wenniway by name, and left in the shelter of Langlade's house still, he was shortly visited by another savage, announcing himself a messenger of Wenniway's,

who first compelled the trader to exchange clothing with him, for the purpose, as he subsequently learned, of preserving his captive's garments from bloodstains, when he should, as he then intended, kill him. While being led to a secluded spot without the fort, Henry made bold to come to a halt and charge his guardian, whom he recognized as a man in his debt for merchandize, with the intention of murdering him, telling him he might as well strike without going farther. The Indian admitted that he was about settling his indebtedness in that way and, producing his knife, made ready to strike. The trader, shoving him aside—he knew not how—took to his heels and succeeded in reaching the fort and the temporary protection of Wenniway, regaining once more his quarters in the garret at Langlade's. He was soon summoned to the room below to meet Major Etherington, Lieutenant Lesslie and M. Bostwick, another trader, who had, like himself, been stripped of their clothes. These shared with him the garret that night. Next day Henry's fortunes were joined with those of Mr. Ezekiel Solomons, another survivor of the four traders already mentioned, a soldier and a certain other Englishman from Detroit. These four unfortunates, suffering from cold in their half-clad condition—Henry had only a shirt, but with much difficulty procured a blanket in addition—were embarked by canoe for Isles du Castor. They suffered not only from cold, but hunger, for the only food offered them, Henry asserts, was some bread, cut with knives employed in the massacre, and smeared with spittle and blood, rubbed on the bread which was offered them for food, with the invitation to eat the blood of their countrymen! Hunger was preferable to this. Midway on their trip they were taken from their captors by a stronger body of Ottawas (who were incensed at the Chippewas for having precipitated the massacre without consulting them) and forthwith brought back to Fort Michilimackinac. Here a council was held for two days, at

which the Chippewas—using such false though potent arguments as that Pontiac had captured Detroit and the French King retaken Quebec—won over the Ottawas and obtained their prisoners once more. The latter were at once marched to the Chippewa village where, clad for a second time only in an old shirt, Henry spent a night of wretchedness on the bare ground, in company with fourteen soldiers and his former companions.

It was at this juncture that Henry's good first brother by adoption, Wawatam, appeared and by means of an eloquent speech and a valuable present of merchandize obtained the deliverance into the bosom of his hospitable family of the English trader, for whom he had formed so powerful an attachment. Long before, as has been already stated, this faithful friend had proved the sincerity of his attachment by hinting at the approaching danger, but in terms, after the Indian manner "so extravagantly figurative" that to that and his then want of acquaintance with the Indian manner of speech, Henry attributes his refusal to take the hint and depart with Wawatam and his wife, who showed their disappointment by dejected countenances and even tears. The speeches at the council now disclosed to Henry that Wawatam had been excluded from the fort, at the time of the massacre, owing to his known attachment to the Englishman, but with a promise from one of the chiefs to preserve the life of his white "brother"—a promise which, owing to circumstances then detailed, he had well-nigh forfeited.

Poor Wawatam! The darkest blot in his history, as given by Henry, is his participation in a horrible feast supplied by a chief, called by the Canadians *Le Grand Sable*. This man, having been absent when the massacre took place at the fort, sought to mark his appreciation of the work done by his fellow savages, by going into the prison lodge and there putting to death, with his knife, seven of the prisoners. Their bodies Henry himself saw carried forth. The horrible preparations for

the cannibalism which followed, detailed by Henry, are spared the present reader. Suffice it to say that Wawatam was invited and felt compelled—let us hope—to attend. He did not appear, according to Henry, to have relished the repast, but excused it on the ground of a universal custom among Indians to hold such "war feasts," to inspire courage and fearlessness in the participants. The evening of the same day a large canoe arrived and some further English traders in it were seized, maltreated and made prisoners.

Of the four traders who fell into the hands of the Indians, says Henry, at the capture of the fort, Mr. Tracy was the only one who lost his life. Mr. Ezekiel Solomons and Mr. Henry Bostwick were taken by the Ottawas and after the peace carried down to Montreal and there ransomed. Of ninety troops, about seventy were killed; the rest, together with those of the posts in the Bay des Puants, and at the river St. Joseph, were also kept in safety by the Ottawas, till the peace and then either freely restored or ransomed at Montreal. Etherington and his remaining subaltern, with several soldiers, were kept by the Ottawas, after the delivery of Henry and his companions to the Chippewas. Lieutenant Gorell, in command at Green Bay, having received a letter from Major Etherington, came to his assistance and succeeded in obtaining his release and a safe conduct for him and all the English—Henry excepted—to Montreal where they safely arrived on 13th August, 1763.

During the next eight or nine months Henry's adventures were many and varied. He was first carried by the Indians to the Island of Michilimackinac, where they retired for greater safety, and where they received an embassy from Pontiac, but declined the invitation to join him at Detroit. The capture of fresh Montreal canoes with a quantity of liquor aboard led to a debauch, in which poor Wawatam could not resist taking part—though he considerably led his white brother out of harm's way, before the orgie began.

He took him up the mountain and left him concealed in a small cave where he slept one night, happily unconscious of the fact that he was passing the night among the bones of a past generation of redmen, as he discovered in the morning. He shifted his quarters the second night to the shelter of a bush. The cave in question is still pointed out to tourists as one of the objects of interest in the island.

The daily arrival of Indians, hostile to the English, from Detroit, now rendered it advisable that the white trader should be made to resemble his Indian friends as closely as possible and to this end his head was shaved, with the exception of a spot on the crown, his face painted three or four different colours. A shirt painted with vermilion mixed with grease, two collars of wampam, silver armlets and wristlets, scarlet cloth *mittasses* or hose, a scarlet blanket and a bunch of feathers for the head made up his costume. "The ladies of the family," Henry modestly observes, "and of the village in general, appeared to think my person improved, and now condescended to call me handsome, even among Indians."

This disguise the trader continued to wear until the following spring. He accompanied the family of his adoption to various points, spent the winter with them alone at their hunting grounds, returning with them in the spring, with 100 beaver skins, 60 racoon skins and six otter, "of the total value of one hundred and sixty dollars" to his individual credit, as his share of the winter's work. A band of Indians who had assisted at the siege of Detroit soon arrived and declared their intention of making "English broth" of him, to raise their drooping courage. To reach the Sault and the protection of M. Cadotte, by whose influence the Chippewas of Lake Superior had been prevented from joining Pontiac, now became Henry's object. With this intent, Wawatam and family set out secretly, but his wife falling ill before they had proceeded far, necessitated a halt. During this enforced delay, the trader

was a prey to many anxieties, but the unexpected appearance of a canoe, containing the wife of M. Cadotte, herself an Indian woman, on her way to join her husband at the Sault, afforded Henry the opportunity he had long sought. After an affecting parting from Wawatam and family the Englishman joined her party and proceeded northward. A somewhat premature change from the Indian to the Canadian costume, almost brought him into trouble once more; for a fleet of some twenty canoes overhauled the party and hailed him as an Englishman, and, but for Madame Cadotte's ready resource in deception, he would probably have shared the fate of so many of his nation with whom these Indians were at war.

This danger passed, the party next day reached the Sault and M. Cadotte in safety. Six tranquil days, an arrival of more hostile Indians, recruiting for the war at Detroit, the concealment of Henry in another garret, until the good offices of M. Cadotte once more rescued him, and a pow-wow between M. Cadotte, the chief of the village, and the strangers, ending in the departure of Pontiac's friends—were among the trader's next experiences. Almost simultaneously with the departure of this Indian embassy came a canoe from Niagara with a belt from Sir William Johnson and an invitation from him to a great feast at that post, accompanied by an intimation that non-acceptance of this invitation would be speedily followed by condign punishment by the advancing English. Great alarm ensued, and twenty deputies were at once chosen to proceed to Niagara, previous to whose departure, however, the "Great Turtle" had to be consulted and his sanction obtained by a very mysterious and unintelligible ceremonial which Henry minutely describes. The English trader saw his chance of escape to civilization at last and seized it, accompanying the deputation to Niagara, where he received a cordial reception from Sir William Johnson.

(To be concluded in next issue.)

A DAUGHTER OF WITCHES.

A Romance in Twelve Chapters.

BY JOANNA E. WOOD, AUTHOR OF "THE UNTEMPERED WIND", "JUDITH MOORE", ETC.

CHAPTER V.

SALLY, the small bondmaiden of Mrs. Didymus, stood at the garden gate of the parsonage.

No smoke curled up from the parsonage chimney, for the kitchen fire was out, Sally being much too occupied with other affairs to attend to her work that day. Work, in Sally's estimation, was the one superfluous thing in the world, and that she should be harassed with sweeping, and tormented with dish-washing, seemed to her an extraordinary and unjust dispensation. Sally had passed the first twelve years of her life in the slums, and her unregenerate soul yearned to return to the delights of dirt and idleness.

"Wouldn't I just love t' go back t' Blueberry Alley!" she said to Mrs. Didymus. "Wouldn't I just! My! I'd preach t' em!"

Mrs. Didymus' regret over Sally's first aspiration was quite lost sight of in her delight at the latter idea. She thought of "the little maid of Samaria," and smiled benignly upon Sally.

"That is well said," she answered; "some day, perhaps, you may carry the tidings. Little children have before now worked miracles. But over-confidence is a dangerous thing. You must not be too hasty, Sally; do you feel prepared?"

"Do I? Don't I jest? Sakes, I could tell 'em more about Hellfire and Damnation than ever they've heard of in all their born days. *Do I feel prepared?* Ruther! I'd jest like old Lank Smith t' step up t' me, and begin a swearin', I'd let him hear a word or two that 'd astonish him. He thinks he can swear!"

"Sally," said poor gentle Mrs. Didymus, hardly able to believe her

ears, "Sally! Never let me hear you talk so again. The gospel is a Gospel of Peace."

"Gorspel o' Peace," said Sally, looking at Mrs. Didymus pityingly, "Gorspel o' Peace! Laws, mum, you are green! What chance d'ye think a Gorspel o' Peace 'ud have in Blueberry Alley? It's night sticks they needs there. Why, when I was a kid" (Sally had turned thirteen, but talked as if she was fifty) "there was missionaries out o' count came to Blueberry Alley, but they mostly left a sight quicker than they came. There was a young priest came there, tho', and the first day he went through the Alley the boys started t' have fun with him. Scroppin' Johnstone picked up a handful of dirt and hit him in the ear with it, and the priest got very pale, and he sez, 'It sez in the Scriptor t' turn the other cheek t' the smiter,' and with that he turned hisself round, and Scroppin' Johnstone, thinking he had got a snap, let him have some soft mud on the other side. The whole Alley was on hand by that time. I was there. I mind I had a row myself a minnet after; but anyhow, after Johnstone threwed the second handful he stood grinning in the priest's face, and the priest he got sickly white, and sez very quiet like, 'the Scriptor sez t' turn the other cheek t' the smiter, and I've done that,' sez he, 'but,' sez he, 'it don't say nothin' as to what you'r t' do after that,' and with that he pitched into Scroppin' Johnstone. He batted him over the head, and clipped him on the jaw, and biffed him back of the ear, and knocked him down, and stood him up and knocked him down again, then he laid him in the gutter, and stood over him, and told him he should behave hisself more gentle t'

folks, and that fightin' was a sin, and that he shouldn't take advantage of strangers, and then he gave Johnstone and the Alley an invite t' come round and hear him preach in the chapel. The whole Alley's Catholic now. Gospel o' Peace! That ain't the sort o' persuasion Blueberry Alley needs."

Mrs. Didymus groaned in spirit, and held her peace absolutely afraid of Sally's reminiscences. Sally and her ways were a terrible trial to the parsonage household, but good Mrs. Didymus could not contemplate the idea of permitting Sally to return to such an evil place as Blueberry Alley.

Sally was not well regarded in Dole, at least by the elect.

"One man can take a horse to the water, butt twenty can't make him drink," was a saying frequently applied to Sally. This, being interpreted, meant that Mrs. Didymus could bring Sally to church, but that her authority, reinforced by the Dole frowns in the aggregate, could not make her behave herself whilst there.

"Sally," Mrs. Didymus would say, striving to temper severity with persuasive gentleness, "Sally! why do you behave so?"

"I dunno, mum," Sally would reply reflectively.

"But why don't you try to do better? Mrs. Ranger was terribly shocked by you to-day; she never took her eyes off our pew. What were you doing?"

"Nuthin'; she stared at me so I stared at her, and now and then I'd cross my eyes at her for variety. Laws! I had the greatest mind in the world t' get up and turn round so's she could see my back. She seemed anxious t' look clean through me. Mrs. Ranger! Who's she I'd like t' know? I'd rather be a door-keeper in thy house, than eat fresh doughnuts with Mrs. Ranger," concluded Sally, piously loyal.

"Sally," said Mrs. Didymus, forgetting the main issue in the magnitude of the new offence, "That sounds terribly profane. I know you don't mean to be so, but don't use Scripture words like that."

"You're tired mum, go and lie down, and I'll cover you up," said Sally, imperturbably.

"But, Sally, I'm very serious about this."

"Yes, I know, mum. Your head's real bad ain't it? Lie down and I'll make you a cup of tea. Would you like a hot soapstone to your feet?"

Mrs. Didymus desired Sally's sanctification—she was offered hot soapstone for her feet.

Sally's assumption that rebuke sprang from illness was a very baffling thing to contend with, and Mrs. Didymus usually retired from the discussion beaten, to torment herself by wondering miserably if she was doing her duty by Sally.

If that worthy was not high in the estimation of the elders in Dole, she at least reigned supreme over the children. The bad ones she fought with and overcame, and the good ones she demoralized.

When Ted Ranger endeavoured to amuse himself by pulling Sally's tow-coloured hair, he received such a scratching that he never forgot it, nor did the village for sometime to come, for he bore Sally's sign-manual upon his cheeks for weeks. When Mary Shiner's fifteen-year-old brother heard of this, and deigned to consider Sally a foeman worthy of his prowess, the whole school gathered to watch the combat which ensued promptly when Jed Shiner called her a "Charity Orphan."

Sally precipitated herself upon him with such fury that he nearly fled from the first onslaught, and was extremely glad when the appearance of Mr. Didymus put a stop to the proceedings.

Jed's nose was bleeding, and mentally he was considerably flustered. Sally's hair was on end and her clothes were torn, but her self-possession was intact.

She retreated, led by the scandalized Mr. Didymus, but her fighting blood was up, and she called out opprobrious epithets to Jed till she was out of hearing—compliments which Jed's inherent and cultivated respect for the preacher forbade his returning in kind.

"He called me a Charity Orphing," she vouchsafed in explanation, when hailed before Mrs. Didymus. "Now I know I'm a orphing, and I'm glad of it. Fathers and motheres mostly whacks the life out of you. But I won't have no freckle-faced kid calling me a '*Charity Orphing!*' Not if I'm well."

Mr. and Mrs. Didymus remembered the gruesome stories of demoniac possession, and breathed more freely when Sally left the room.

Upon the day of poor Len Simpson's funeral, Sally swung in luxurious idleness on the parsonage gate. Mrs. Didymus had gone early to the house of mourning.

Sally's tow-coloured hair, which was kept cropped to within five inches of her head, stood out like quills upon the fretful porcupine. Ever since Sally had seen a stray circus poster, with the picture of the beautiful Albino lady, with her outstanding locks, she had determined to arrange her own coiffure in like manner, upon the first favourable opportunity. So this morning she had rubbed her hair well with yellow soap, and combed it straight out, with a result which surpassed her anticipations.

About her waist there was a line of more or less white material. This marked the hiatus between her skirt and its bodice—a peculiarity of Sally's *ensemble*. When she stooped over, this white strip widened, giving one a horrible premonition that she was about to break asunder. When she stood erect, it frilled out around her like a misplaced ruff. Sally had bandied words amiably with every one who passed to the funeral, and when Sidney Martin almost stood still in his astonishment at her appearance, she was ready to greet him affably and volubly.

"Hello!" she said. "You're the Boston chap that prayed the rain down, aren't you?"

Sidney coloured quickly. The sting of his thoughts pressed home by the gamine's impertinent speech.

"Oh, don't be bashful," said Sally; "Mrs. Didymus says it was a power-

ful effort." She uttered the last two words with impish precision.

"And who are you?" asked Sidney, feeling he must carry the war into the other camp.

"Me—well, you ain't been long in Dole, or you'd know me. I'm the maid of all works at the parson's." Then she harked back to the old theme. "So you really prayed in the church. My! You don't look as if you used bad words. Say, I thought there was some actors comin' t' the funeral? That's what I fixed myself up for. Say, how d'ye like my hair?" Sidney, despite his sad thoughts, could not forbear laughing as he replied,

"It's great, it's really great!"

"So I thought myself," said Sally complaisantly; then she added confidentially, "It's great for style, but 'taint much for comfort. I wonder when the actors 'll come. How d'ye spose they'll be dressed? When I was a kid in Blueberry Alley, I once went t' see Uncle Tom's Cabin. It was fine when Elizer went across the ice. My, it did jiggle. If you had been there, I spose you could have prayed it solid?"

An intolerable pang, absurdly disproportionate to its genesis, pierced Sidney's soul. His supra-sensitive nature was keyed to its highest pitch. The lightest touch upon the tense strings of his emotions nigh rent his being.

He turned swiftly away from the grotesque little figure, from the village street, from the house about which the vehicles were gathered thickly. An open road lay ready to his feet, and he took it unconscious of its direction.

"There!" called Sally after him, "I've made you mad and I didn't mean to a bit. That's always the way with you religious people! You can't take a joke. It's may be good for the soul but it's mighty bad on the temper, religion is! And sakes! You musn't mind me. I can't help being cheeky, 'tis my nature to." She finished with irate mockery, as the distance widened between them, and he did not reply. She was still looking after him, as he reached the abrupt bend in the road, and there he turned and bade

her farewell in a gesture of unmistakable kindness.

"Well!" said Sally arresting her nonchalant swinging, with a jerk, "well, he ain't cross-grained, that's sartin—Laws, I wish I had a civil tongue, but I hain't, so *Sigh no more my honey*," with which she broke into a darkey song.

Sidney Martin went blindly along the path which chance had chosen for him, led by no other instinct save the old pathetic one, which prompts wounded creatures to crawl away to suffer unseen. Long ago, the human was equally sensitive, equally reticent; we are so no longer, but lay bare the plague spots on our souls with shameless candour.

But the nearer we are to God and Nature, the more prone we are to flee away into the bosom of the stillness, there to agonize alone; and not in vain do we put our trust in its tender sublimity. Nature never did betray the heart that loved her.

When Sidney paused, arrested more by an increasing sense of physical effort, which encroached upon his bitter self-communings, than by any conscious volition, he found himself upon a little wooded hill high above Dole.

Behind him stretched the whispering galleries of the wood, before him lay Dole, all its insignificance revealed.

The bird in the air is but a speck to our eyes; but how completely the position is reversed when from its aerie altitude it deigns to stay its soaring wings and look beneath!

The greatest cities upon earth become but inconsequent masses when viewed from above. To Sidney's eyes, Dole looked scarce big enough to hold a heart-ache, yet how keenly its atoms felt!

And how little it disturbed the quiet heavens, the serene hills, all the suffering in the valley! This thought which, in one less in love with nature, might have unsealed fresh fountains of bitterness, brought to Sidney's soul a beneficent sense of ultimate peace and strength. To him, one of Nature's own children, the mother tongue was

very eloquent. And even in this hour of tense personal perplexity, he was able to gather some measure of consolation from the thought that in the end the jarring discordances of individual life would be absorbed into the grand symphonic song of Nature.

Nature is often impiously charged with unsympathetic indifference, by those who would wish to see all the heaven clouded over by their sorrow, a new deluge upon the earth because of their tears. But Sidney regarded his mother with reverent eyes, seeing in her seeming impassivity to his pain but a manifestation of the strenuous patience with which she waited to be renewed, looking towards that day when once again she would shine forth in all her pristine beauty, as she had been when first she was the bride of the sun.

"Scarred, and torn, and pierced, defiled, disfigured and defaced by human hands, she yet smiles, and waits." So he said to himself. Truly Nature is justified of her children.

Flinging himself down upon the grass Sidney strove to find some gateway of escape from the awkwardness of his position, and gradually the accumulated nervousness of the last few days died away.

Nature's beautiful breast seemed to pulsate visibly and audibly beneath him, and he grew calm.

And so he lay for some time, and then slowly but imperatively other thoughts grew and gathered in his heart. The great primitive Want—spontaneous as it flamed up in the heart of the first man, resistless as its co-equal, Time, pinioned with the impulses of ages, sped by the impetus of æons—rose within him, knitting together all his strengths, all his weaknesses, into one desire.

He rose to his feet; surely his very bodily stature was elated?

He looked about upon the hills with brotherly eyes; deep in their bosoms beneath the grass the old elemental fires still slept. They could sympathize with him.

"Vashti—Vashti," he murmured.

Out of his wildered musings there had grown the dream of the woman he loved, as the phoenix draws from out the ashes.

He looked again upon the village. Slowly, slowly winding along its ways, he saw a black stream of people and slow-stepping horses—Len Simpson's last journey through the familiar little streets. A chill shuddered through Sidney's veins. He had looked athwart the smiling champagnes of Love's country, and sullyng its fairness he saw the black lake of mourners from which the sombre stream was flowing to the churchyard—saw it slowly gather there as the waters of a lake in a new basin. Here and there it had left stains along its course, as incurious or hurried units in the procession deflected toward their homes without waiting for the final solemnities.

It wrung Sidney's heart to think *she* was there in the gloom, whilst he, absorbed in selfish introspection, was aloof in the glory of the Sun. He must go down to her at once.

How little his generous soul dreamed that there was painful symbolism in that descent of his! That he poised upon the pinnacles, whilst she grovelled in the dust of her own desires, he never imagined. Indeed throughout all his life a merciful veil hung between these two, and hid the real Vashti from his loving eyes.

"Why didn't you come to the funeral?" asked Vashti, as he came upon them at the church gate.

"I went for an hour's quiet thought upon the hill," he said. "I had need of it."

"Wouldn't you like to see the grave?" she asked.

The latest grave was always "the" grave in Dole.

"Yes," he said half dreamily. She led the way through the groups of men and women, who let the words die upon their lips as their glances followed the pair. There was little comment made, for Dole people were not prone to commit themselves, but they looked after Vashti and Sidney, and then into each other's eyes, and resumed their inter-

rupted conversations—feeling all had been said which required to be said, when a young man and woman deliberately singled themselves out from the others. Vashti Lansing was most contemptuous of the trivial usages of the people among whom she had been born and bred; but she estimated very correctly their weight in the social system in which she had a place. And in this respect she showed wisdom.

She threaded her way swiftly among the graves, but in her abrupt avoidance of the mounds there was more indication of impatience at the obstacles presented than of tenderness towards the sleepers, whose coverlets, though heaped so high, could not keep them warm.

And presently they reached the corner, where, like a wan finger pointing reproachfully at the sky, shone the white obelisk above Martha Didymus' brown head.

The white shaft cast a slender shadow athwart a new-made grave at its side.

The red earth of the newly heaped grave was all but hidden with flowers, and a huge wreath had been hung upon the white stone; it had slipped down beneath the name of the dead girl, and hiding the rest of the inscription showed the one word "Martha" garlanded with flowers. Might one not dream that in the meadows of Elysium the young girl bedecked herself with fadeless flowers against the coming of her lover? Beside the two graves stood a group of clean-shaven, well-dressed men. Accustomed to mime in all guises, real grief found them awkward but sincere.

As Sidney and Vashti drew near they looked at the pair with interest. Vashti's striking personality had been singled out immediately from the throng of villagers at the funeral, but the eyes, accustomed to scan audiences, knew that Sidney had not been present.

"A friend of his?" asked a pale, handsome-faced man, with iron grey hair.

"No—but I have heard his story," said Sidney in his soft, gentle voice.

"Well—he only asked for one thing—to be buried beside her," said the actor; then looking at the others he took off his hat, and in a voice, remembered yet for its melody in two continents, he repeated the matchless dirge

"Fear no more the heat o' the sun,
Nor the furious winter rages."

Slowly, solemnly the beautiful words were uttered.

Their music mingled with the melody of his perfect voice, making them more than eloquent.

"Fear not slander, censure rash,
Thou hast finished joy and moan."

The words seemed almost personal in their application. The last word was voiced; slowly the little group turned away, following the man whose own life was clouded by so terrible a tragedy. Sidney stood bareheaded by Vashti, beside the two dead lovers, thinking that Len Simpson had been indeed honoured. To have Shakespeare's words syllabled above his grave is surely to the actor what the salute of the guns is to the soldier.

"Come," said Vashti softly. She was too politic to stay longer. No wise woman scandalizes the community in which she dwells. They advanced towards the others again, to find the tongues buzzing. There was a commotion amid the groups of women, which indicated that something out of the common order had occurred which was indeed the case. For Mabella Lansing, unnoticed by the throng which was watching the actors openly and Vashti and Sidney furtively, had driven away with Lanty in his top buggy.

Here was daring with a vengeance!

Even Temperance Tribbey looked rather more grim than usual as she stood with Vashti waiting for the democrat to be brought round.

Fat little Mrs. Wither came gushing and bubbling up to Temperance with an affectation of confidential sympathy.

"My! I hope Mr. Lansing won't be long bringing the horses."

"Do you want a ride?" politely asked Miss Tribbey, as if oblivious of the fact that Mrs. Wither was that day

driving her new buggy for the first time, and that her destination was diametrically opposed to the way the Landings would take.

"Want a ride! Sakes no," said Mrs. Wither tossing her head. "But aint you terrible anxious? I kin feel for you."

"Anxious about what?" asked Miss Tribbey coldly, eyeing Mrs. Wither steadily.

Mrs. Wither faded back into the crowd, giggling nervously.

"That Temperance Tribbey is the queerest woman!" she said to Mrs. Ranger as she passed.

Meanwhile, Vashti had been engaged upon the other hand by Mrs. Smilie, who was large, motherly looking, but dangerous. She had a way of enveloping her victims in a conversational embrace, and when she released them they were usually limp. Any information they had possessed prior to the meeting having been passed on to Mrs. Smilie.

But Vashti had refused the combat; having done so, however, with such a sorrowfully resigned expression that Mrs. Smilie felt her to be void of offence, and said afterwards:

"I was real sorry for Vashti Lansing. She was real humiliated. To think Mabella 'ud act up that way. Vashti looked really concerned; she's got a lot of sense, Vashti Lansing has! My heart jest ached fer her."

Mrs. Smilie's heart was always aching for somebody, but it did not tell much upon her general health.

As Nathan Peck, a sufficiently ridiculous figure in his suit of black diagonal, with the muffler superimposed, helped Temperance into the democrat, he squeezed her hand awkwardly, but avoided meeting her eyes; and she studiously looked over his head. Thus they acknowledged their mutual regret over Mabella's action.

Old Mr. Lansing was furious.

"Why couldn't you stay with your cousin?" he demanded of Vashti. "Going off buggy-riding from a funeral!! A fine speculation she's made of herself."

"I haven't seen Mabella since we left home," said Vashti softly; then she added deprecatingly,

"It's Mabella's way."

"Then it's a d—d bad way," said old Lansing, and then nearly choked with rage to think he had sworn in his Sunday black, which was so eloquent a reminder of his deaconship. He cut the fat bays across the haunches in a way that surprised them.

"Just wait till I see Lanty! And let her keep out of my sight!"

Sudden tears filled Vashti's eyes. She was sick at the heart with jealous pain. Sidney caught the glimmer of the tear, and felt a great throb of pity for this stately creature, who, fixed in her rectitude and dignity, could yet weep over thoughtless Mabella's little escapade. Needless to say Sidney saw nothing very dreadful in the two lovers driving home together; indeed, from the glimpse he had had of Lanty's face, he had no doubt but that after the burial of his friend, Lanty was in sore need of his sweetheart's consolation.

"Dear!" said Vashti, "I do hope Mabella will go straight home."

"I guess you hope more'n you expect, then," said her father irately.

Vashti sighed.

Miss Tribbey sniffed. The sniff expressed scorn, but it was wrongly applied by at least two of her hearers.

Miss Tribbey had no delusions about Vashti, and she knew the girl was doing all she could to irritate her father against her cousin.

"M'bella's young and foolish," said Temperance grimly, but with apologetic intent in her voice.

Vashti gave her a venomous side glance and sighed again.

"It's the French grandmother coming out in her. Gee! It takes ages to kill a taint, and then every now and then it crops out," said old Lansing.

"Yes," said Vashti, "that's what Mrs. Smilie said. 'It's the French in her,' she said." The moment Vashti uttered this she bit her lips angrily, for a swift change passed over her father's

face, and she knew she had made a mistake.

"She did, did she?" roared old Lansing, purpling with rage. "She did? The idea of these mongrel Smilies setting up their tongues about the Lansings. Lord! I mind well her father drove about the country collecting ashes for a soap factory. She ain't fit to black Mabella's shoes—that woman. What did she do when she quarrelled with Mrs. Parr? Went and threw kittens down her well, and they most all died before they found out 'twas the water. She'll talk about the Lansings, will she—?"

Old Lansing rarely began to gossip, but, when once fairly started, the revelations he made were rather startling. He continued until they reached home.

Lanty and Mabella walked side by side up and down the wide sandy path from the front door to the garden gate. A look of deep and grave happiness shone upon their faces; both were looking at their future from the same standpoint. There was a hint of timorousness upon the girl's face, an occasional tremour of her sweet mouth, which told that all terrors were not banished from the Unknown, into whose realms the man at her side was to lead her; but hallowing her face there was that divine trust which transfigured the Maid Mary into the Madonna.

"I am going to speak to uncle now," said Lanty, "and if he is pleased we will go for a drive after supper to-night."

"Yes," she said; then, "Lanty." He looked at her; she uttered no other word; her eyes slowly filled with tears.

"Mabella, you trust me?"

"Absolutely," she said, and the tears, brimmed over by a tender smile, glistened upon her cheeks.

"My angel," he said, and gave her a look of adoration, then turned away, and went striding round to the side of the house where the others were alighting from the democrat waggon. Old Lansing looked up sharply as Lanty drew near. Something in the young man's face held him silent an instant.

"I'm coming round to the barn with

you," said Lanty; "I want to speak to you."

Sidney turning away heard the last words. He could not forbear giving Lanty a look of sympathetic comprehension. Lanty flushed to the eyes, and from that moment was a staunch and faithful ally to Sidney. * * *

"She's up on the landing," said Temperance as, a few minutes after, Lanty, pale and eager, entered the kitchen. Lanty had not spoken—nor did he now, but he went up to Temperance, put his hand upon her shoulders, and gave her a hearty kiss. Then he turned and went up the back stairs three at a time. Through the back hall to the great dusky silent landing, and there a little figure waited trembling.

"What—?" she began, and then her quivering lips were silent.

"It's all right," said Lanty, in a voice he hardly recognized as his own. "You are mine—mine."

She laid her face upon his breast and there was silence between them. And whilst they supped of Beatitude, proud Vashti Lansing, pale as old ivory, was walking up and down the path their happy feet had trodden so short since, tasting the very bitterness of Marah, but compelling her proud lips to tell Sidney Martin the story of their French ancestress.

Vashti Lansing had more than one heritage from the murdered witch wife. The courage which had kept the old Vashti calm and contemptuous before the fagots, upheld the modern Vashti in her time of torture. It is the fashion to sneer at grandfathers—among those who have none. Nevertheless, the fact remains that there are very few Esaus, although there are always plenty of Jacobs, ready to buy birth-rights if money will do it.

It is a good sign if a family guards its traditions carefully. The types presented in these oral picture galleries are sometimes not the best types, but they at least shine forth distinctly from their background, and be their light clear or lurid it is by these beacons that we are guided back to the beginnings of character. How much more

eloquent and rich a language is in its meanings to us when we know its root words! How much more intelligible and enthralling a character when we can comprehend its genesis, and trace the subtle transmutation of one characteristic into another; the change of physical courage into moral strength, or perchance—the retrogression of simple tastes to penuriousness, or the substitution of intellectual enthusiasm for the fires of ardent passions. Family tradition is the alphabet of all history! What contrasts are presented amid the pictures thus preserved! And surely there was never greater difference between two ancestors of one house than existed between old Abel Lansing, the donor of the Lansing legacy, and beautiful Germaine Lansing, the wife of pious Jason Lansing. Jason Lansing had wooed and won and wedded his wife whilst he was in England doing the errands of the little colony of wanderers beyond the sea. How his choice fell upon frivolous Germaine, why she accepted her grim lover, none can guess; but certain it is they were an ill-matched pair. Our sympathies are inclined towards the gay little Frenchwoman who sang her chansons of love and ladies' lattices in the very ears of the elders, and rustled her brocades beneath the disdainful noses of their winsey-clad wives; but the community in which she lived regarded her advent in their midst as a "dispensation" of a peculiar and trying type. Jason Lansing could only sustain his good opinion of himself by remembering that even the patriarchs had not displayed entire good judgment in the bestowal of their affections. Her memory still survived among the Lansings—a frail ghost hung with scornful garlands of forbidden frivolity, and when any of the name outraged the traditional proprieties, it was said that the cloven hoof of French levity was showing itself once more. And with such tales as these, Vashti Lansing beguiled the dewy twilight hours for Sidney Martin, and stole his heart away, whilst her own burned and yearned for a love denied it.

(To be Continued.)

"PHILOMÈNE."

"All service is the same with God—
With God, whose puppets, best and worst,
Are we; there is no last nor first."

THE afternoon sun glared down mercilessly upon the whitewashed, red-roofed Ledoux farm-house, standing with its attendant weather-silvered barns and out-houses, some yards back from the high road.

The pungent smoke from the burning belt of black earth, seven miles to the south, completely shut off the level landscape; only an occasional fire-opal light, flashing through the haze, betrayed the drought-narrowed river beyond the straight line of wild cherry trees across the road, while from the unseen wheatfield came the monotonous sizzling song of the locusts, as though mother earth was in reality roasting beneath the August sun. On the shady side of the house-surrounding verandah sat old Pèpè Ledoux, industriously reseating hardwood chairs, and poisoning the already acrid atmosphere with the fumes of his home-grown and self-cured tobacco. A gust of scorching wind blew a cloud of dust from the biscuit-coloured roadway, covering the two young lilac trees standing primly upright within their conventional circles of whitened stones, and filling the large, brown eyes of the scantily-clad child making little sheep out of devil-tobacco pods and matchsplints at the old man's feet.

"Cré vent," grunted Pèpè, "come to me, mon chou, don't cry; Pèpè will make you the little fence to keep the bad sheep to home, nein? It's good little girl; Mon Dieu, what is that?"

As he spoke, a roll of musketry came with another suffocating puff of dust-laden wind, followed by the boom of cannon and far-off cheering. The child leaped from the verandah to the grass plot, her one garment flying out from her small, brown body and mosquito bitten legs.

"C'est la princesse, Pèpè, she has come, in truth she has come. M'an, Minà, hurry, hurry you; it is the princess of m'selle at the Manoir."

"Accursed heretic," snarled the woman who came out and squatted on the doorstep—a woman, whose shapeless body, shining brown skin and tight-drawn hair, gave her, in her unconscious posture, a ridiculous resemblance to a bronze idol.

"H'en, and all our men, even the stranger, gone over to the village to see a mijaurée thing that sucks our life-blood for her taxes. Let her and those Irlandais at the Manoir keep out of our country, and give us back our old Seigneur—ah—those were days."

"Don't talk like that, ma fille," said old Pèpè, those people are not so bad, an' you cheat 'em well up at the Manoir with your good-for-nothing trash. Yes, an' get two prices for your eggs an' chickens. Look at Madame, the other day when she buy that spinning-wheel I made you, that you said was hundred years old; she said, 'Pèpè, you come for sure an' see the princess, and bring Philomène, la petite, she has never seen the feu d'artifice.' But she will to-night, H'en! ma miette?"

The crafty Mina, who intended joining the habitant throng of onlookers at the fête-de-nuit, wriggled one bare, brown toe nervously around the edge of the knot-hole in the verandah floor, and remained discreetly silent as she glanced furtively at her mother's lowering face.

"Philomène goes to Gran'mère Piché this very afternoon," said Madame Ledoux. "You hear that, you naughty child? Stop that crying! Pouf—it is hot. I go myself with the rest to the Manoir, to see something,

the stranger says, yes, to see something he——"

Pépé looked at her sharply, but the guttural voice ceased as amidst a dull roll of wheels and clear laughter—caused in all probability by the antics of the local battalion—four open carriages came out of the opaque peat smoke. Pépé, with innate French courtesy, staggered to his warped old feet and swept his tattered "cow's breakfast" to the floor. Lace fluttered from dainty parasols, a fair man in the first carriage raised his hat; a flash of silver harness—red lights from sun-reflecting varnish—then shadowy forms—again the sun-dyed haze and the perpetual sizzle-sizzle of the locusts.

"Maltraiteuse," snarled the woman as she rose laboriously and, closely followed by Mina, the time-server, panted into the house; from whence the whirr whirr of the spinning wheel, clackety-clack of the catalogne shuttle, and pum, pum of the foot-loom, soon told of the renewal of work.

"Never mind, mon enfant," said kindly old Pépé, "to-morrow you shall see the princess, and, perhaps, she will then wear the crown and jewels like chopped ice. Don't cry, p'tit chou, Pépé has big lump of maple sugar for you to-night."

The old man rolled up his long strips of beaten ash, and, gathering the scattered tools, crossed the road to his favourite resting-place under the willows, beside the river.

Philomène, alone and miserable, flung her fluffy moutons far into the wheat-field and fled to the great still barn. Once there, she threw herself upon the depths of green-gold hay and sobbed her sorrow and disappointment into childhood's perfect sleep.

When Philomène awoke the darkness of the barn alarmed her, and, shaking with fear, the highly strung child groped her way to the smaller door and out into the night. All was very still; the awesome crimson sun had set two hours before, and the only light came from the south, where an

angry line, like red-hot metal, showed where the sun-fired peat burned fiercely.

The child ran to the deserted house, but all had gone to the Manoir, thinking her safely with Gran'mère Piché. She shivered, and feeling painfully hungry, crossed the yard to the laitière, where, lighted by the dull glare from the south, she hastily devoured a bowl of lait caillé, and was about to leave the place, when the sound of voices and approaching footsteps came through the small wire-screened window far above her head.

"Cré nom, it is nothing, nothing at all. Puff—bang—and one the less. She is bad woman that. Hurry up or we shall be too late."

"But I like the English; we all do when men like you stay away," came in her half-witted brother Joseph's voice. "You have a tongue like oil and the eyes of a devil. For the love of the good God don't make me do this—I will—"

The men passed on; and Philomène, after standing for some time with all the blood in her body singing through her ears like the locusts of the wheat-field, flew from the milk out-house and up the dust-deep road toward the Manoir like a swirling night-wind.

On and on; faster, ever faster. At last the wicked southern bloodstain showed through the great pines at the Manoir gates. How the gravel cut and stung those small bare feet. Ah! a band playing softly. Holy Virgin! what was that?—a great flash of green light—a whizzing wheel of fire—two blue things explode high in the air as the overwrought Philomène, darting into some protecting shrubbery, stumbles, falls, and lapses into merciful unconsciousness.

When the knowledge of her surroundings came to her the band was again playing, but the fireworks were over, and only Chinese lanterns and engine headlights threw a steady light upon the lawn.

An expectant hush made Philomène rise unsteadily to her aching feet and peer through the hedge. Down the

terrace steps came a white, queenly figure, accompanied by M'sieu, Madame, and the fair gentleman who had lifted his hat. A sharp click from the adjoining shrubbery recalled to the trembling child her wretched brother Joseph and those awful words; she dimly sees two figures, one points to the graceful, nearing white figure; the other raises something and aims. Philomène tries to cry out, but her throat is paralyzed with fear. She breaks through the cedar hedge, and running across the intervening space, wildly waves back the approaching group.

A shot—a child's cry of mortal agony—silence—then a general rush forward as the princess passes swiftly to the writhing little body, and, raising it with infinite tenderness, bears it to the house.

Philomène's last sun was far down in the west, and flung a great gold path for the ascending child soul to the very bed where she lay half conscious in the old nursery at the Manoir. In the corner sat Mina and Pépé; the girl sobbing hysterically, and the old man with quivering, silent tensi-ty. Madame and a "Sister" from the nunnery across the river, bent over the murmuring

child. A look of comprehension came to Madame's sad eyes as she caught some indistinct words. She whispered to the Sister, who at first shook her head, but eventually bowed in acquiescence, and Madame left the room. In half an hour she returned, and passing to the now wideawake child explained something in her broken patois. Again the door opened, and towards Philomène came her dream princess—with glittering crown, and covered with things that sent out colours like the great fountain in the morning sunlight. Slowly this exquisite vision came to the wide-eyed child, and then with one great sob the daughter of a queen sank to her knees beside the dying habitant. The one small hand left strayed uncertainly over the wonderful crown, softly about the jewelled neck, and then came a sigh of great content from the cruelly shattered body as the land fell to the coverlet like a broken flower.

A long silence, broken only by the splash of the cooling fountain below, stifled weeping, and the distance-softened croak of the river frogs. Then the sun went down, and Philomène's soul had gone out with the great gold light.

Jane Fayrer Taylor.

THE POET'S GIFT.

ONE day a thought came to a poet's mind,
Homely and crude—an ordinary thought.
He took it to his work-room. There he wrought
And made for it, with many a dainty curve
A case of burnished gold—pure and refined.
Then long and weary hours he laboured hard
Over the thought, till nought incongruous marred
Its symmetry. Fashioned and molded there
To lustrous beauty, in its glittering case
It shone, a gem, unequalled for its grace.
His labour ended, forth he sent it then
To tune the hearts, uplift the lives of men!

A. Isabel Wontham.

MUNICIPAL REFORM IN MONTREAL.

BY A FRENCH-CANADIAN.

WRITERS on Sociology agree that Municipal Reform is one of the most difficult problems which confront the democracy of North America. The exposures of boodling which occur from time to time in all large cities of the United States and Canada, as well as the importance of the interests, both moral and material, which are involved in municipal government, leave no doubt as to the urgency of reform; while the frequent failure of sincere efforts to secure a better administration show that the obstacles in the way of improvement are both numerous and difficult to overcome.

Some writers have contended that salvation must be sought in a more scientific system of municipal government, and legislation to meet these views has been obtained in many cities. Better government has been the result in some cases; but in too many instances it has been found that the corrupt element has found a means of getting around the law.

Others aver that good men alone can give an honest and efficient administration; and to get them in office a great deal of energy has been spent at times in the organization of good government associations and people's parties. Then it has been found that many of these reform candidates when elected simply joined the old ring, assisting it by the prestige of their virginity.

The moral, it seems, is that both good men and good laws can only be had by the observance of that old precept: "Eternal vigilance is the price of liberty."

Unfortunately, although the municipal taxes absorb a larger share of the people's income than those levied by either our Provincial or Federal Governments, the questions involved and the circumstances under which they

come up for discussion are such that it is exceedingly difficult to excite widespread and lasting interest among the people. The efficiency and honesty of the police force of a city, for example, would seem at first sight to be a matter which would greatly interest all sections of the community; yet thousands of people who never had any dealings with a policeman, who never met a burglar and never came in contact with a disorderly element, will pay very little attention to the casual exposure of bribery or blackmailing in the police department. To arouse their conscience the exposure must take the proportions of a revolting scandal. And when you come down to questions regarding street making, parks or public buildings, you find that the section of the city which is directly benefited will generally favour the aldermen who supported the scheme of improvement, in spite of the fact that there is a suspicion of bribery about the transaction and that the expenditure has been extravagant. Man is short-sighted, even when he has attained the dignity of a ratepayer; and so long as he derives an immediate benefit, he does not trouble himself about the fact that the city, as a whole, has been unduly burdened. To ask him to look forward to the day when he shall be called upon to contribute towards some other extravagant scheme in some other part of the city is indeed to put a great strain on his mental resources.

The government of cities under the committee system, which makes every member of the council a part of some branch of the executive, with the duty of looking after every detail of administration, imposes an unnecessary amount of labour on the aldermen, for which the remuneration, both as to honours and money, has been

altogether inadequate. The result of this has been, first, that it has been exceedingly difficult to induce good men to run for office and to remain in the council after being elected; second, that a feeling has grown up with many people that it is quite pardonable, if not entirely legitimate, that these underpaid and overworked aldermen should make a little out of the patronage at their disposal—and this feeling will be quite general if the alderman is an open-handed, jolly chap.

Again, the exposure of corruption in municipal affairs and the formation of public opinion against extravagance, is rendered difficult by the absence of parties. Party government has its disadvantages, but it benefits the people by the rivalry and the animosity which it creates among two sets of public men. The first condition of existence for a party is that all the members must stand together. If the party is in power, all its candidates must hold themselves responsible for the administration which it has given the country. The party organs have been discussing each act of this administration from the 1st of January to the 31st of December. The voter has had excellent opportunity to make up his mind, and if he desires a change, he has the opportunity of voting for the opposition candidate. Very different is the municipal ring. Its members eschew any responsibility for each other's action. The bonds which unite them are concealed and elastic. They often oppose each other in public in order to better themselves in the esteem of their respective wards. The help which they lend each other is never known.

A party encourages its members to expose the misdeeds of the men of the opposite party; the work is considered meritorious and deserving of reward. In the ethics of municipal politics disinterestedness is considered essential to advancement. Although there may be two rival factions fighting for supremacy, the members must not expose the methods of the inner circle.

An instance in point occurred in Montreal recently. One of the alder-

men stood up in the council and declared that a civic official had offered him twelve notes of fifty dollars each, on condition that he should procure the appointment of a man who was then applying for the position of Mills Inspector. At a subsequent meeting he gave the names of the parties. While he was speaking, a half-dozen of the aldermen in the corridors were saying that he must be a fool, and the feeling is general that he has damaged his chances of re-election by his action.

I have touched, so far, on obstacles to municipal reform which I believe exist in most cities, as well as in Montreal. But in addition to these, the Metropolis of Canada suffers from a condition which is peculiar to itself. I refer to the division of the population into French- and English-speaking. Patriotism is the last refuge of a scoundrel, and there is no doubt that it has been an efficient refuge for many a Montreal alderman.

There can be no question that there is some race feeling in the council, based on something else than selfish and mercenary motives. For a long time the English-speaking aldermen were the majority in the council, and they took advantage of it to distribute the fat plums of office to English-speaking applicants. The balance of power was turned some twenty years ago as the result of the English-speaking people crowding themselves into St. Antoine ward and leaving the control of the Centre ward to the French Canadians. Several French wards have been added to the city, giving the French Canadians a good working majority. Several English-speaking officials have been replaced by French Canadians; and a French Canadian who would propose to abandon the direction of any of the leading committees to the English minority would certainly be considered a traitor by his countrymen.

But, outside of this question of division of patronage and influence in proportion with population of the two races, the race cry is resorted to by every member of the municipal admin-

istration who is put on the rack for some misdeed, and it is generally effective. Some time ago the Superintendent of Mount Royal Park, a Scotchman, who lives in lordly style and seemed to treat the princely domain of the people as his personal property, was arraigned. The facts were such that finally all agreed that a change in the arrangements with that gentleman was necessary. Yet, during all the inquiry, the English press and aldermen stood by him, while the French section of the community would have had his blood. Now the Superintendent of the Water-Works, a French Canadian, and the Chief of Police, also a French Canadian, are under the fire of investigation by the English press; and the French press shows a strong inclination to condone everything they have done.

In matters of improvement of late years the cry has been that the east end, the French part of the city, must have its share, that it had too long been neglected by the English. Under that plea powers to borrow money were readily obtained from the Legislature at Quebec, in spite of the fact that a dangerous limit had been reached and that the contemplated improvements were by no means a necessity. As a matter of fact, a very large number of proprietors who were expropriated at fancy prices to carry out these improvements were English-speaking and living in the west end, and the Canadian Pacific which received seven or eight hundred thousand dollars is a corporation in which not many east-enders are interested.

But the race cry served its purpose and by a scientific use of it, by a skillful application of the art of log-rolling, the leaders of the council retain their popularity, while the administration of public affairs under their control is admittedly about as corrupt and unsystematical as it could possibly be. The debt of the city has been increased by leaps and bounds until it reaches \$27,000,000; and the interest charge has become so great that although the taxes have been raised 25 per cent.

through the systematical but unjustifiable increase in the official valuation of property, the income is insufficient to meet the needs of the administration. Last fall the city actually found itself without a cent for such services as scavenging, street-cleaning and the purchasing of uniforms for the police. Meanwhile gifts of valuable property are made to the railroad corporations, the franchises belonging to the city are sold at ridiculously low prices, and the number of officials goes on increasing. The barter of civic offices is notorious. The conviction is general that one cannot be appointed to any office unless he has money to spend. The offer of notes alluded to above shows it. Late-ly several parties who had paid money to supposed influential parties, but failed to get their jobs, have made complaints. I have been assured by an influential labour leader, that when he went to plead for a friend with a member of the police committee, the first question asked by the alderman was: "How much money have you got to spend?" There being no money to spend, my friend was assured that it was useless to look for a job.

Men appointed under such circumstances become blackmailers, as in the case of an employee who was exposed some years ago, or use their position in some way to make money at the expense of the city. One needs only to read the Montreal papers on that point to be satisfied.

A recent report of a special committee on debts contracted by the various departments of the city without a show of legal authority summarized the situation thus:

"A system quite contrary to every generally admitted and recognized principle of business affairs or rather a complete absence of any system whatever, has reigned, up to the commencement of 1898, in several departments."

And here is a sample of the claims which the committee had to consider:

"A certain captain of police asked for \$4 or \$5 worth of wood to build a little stairway leading down to the cellar under the station. Next day the workmen arrived, and when they had finished, the account presented was

more than \$2,500, and that in a small and unimportant station not belonging to the city, but rented from year to year."

Now it would seem that when such conditions are possible under a system of government, any proposition for a change would meet with favourable consideration. Last year the council indeed appointed a special committee to revise the charter. This committee, after months of consideration, brought in a proposition to create an executive cabinet or board of control. The most ignorant members of the council, those who did not feel that they could ever become members of the cabinet, only considered one thing, that the project would deprive them of their petty patronage, and they succeeded in defeating it. So that the most important clauses in the new charter will be those providing for new taxes and increased borrowing power.

But the *Herald* which has for some time been the most persistent advocate in the cause of civic reform, has taken the lead in demanding a royal commission of enquiry, which the Lieutenant-Governor in Council is authorized to appoint by a special statute. This commission, under the statute, would have great freedom in investigating everything relative to the good government of Montreal, and it would no doubt make some interesting discoveries. The petition is backed by a large number of signatures and specific

charges which have already been published in the paper.

Now it is in the case of such a demand for a general investigation that we see the difficulty caused by the difference of race. There is not the least doubt that among those who have reason to fear an investigation there are a fair proportion of English aldermen and officials. But the agitation having been started by an English paper, these must depend upon their French-speaking confederates to work the race cry for all it is worth, in opposition to any investigation.

But French Canadians, if they are wise, will not shoulder the odium of refusing to inquire into the causes which have led the city into its present position. Their interest in the matter is greater than that of the minority. Not only are they interested as ratepayers, but as the ruling element their reputation for honesty is at stake. If the agitation against investigation which may be raised by interested newspapers and individuals were to take such proportions as to influence the government to refuse a commission of enquiry, it would indeed be a sad blow to the prestige of French Canadians as public-spirited citizens, as well as to the cause of municipal reform. Enquiries, whatever other result they may bring, always have the beneficent effect of arousing the people for a time at least.

French Canadian.

BELATED LOVE.

LONG time she waited for sweet Love to come,
And trembled to a lute that oft she played,
And poppy shards amidst her hair arrayed,
And dreamt of bliss; but, for her speech, was dumb,
And, hoping ever, listened to the hum
Of golden bees that in her garden strayed;
And, waiting ever, she was not dismayed
When cruel years had left her ardor numb.

But one day, to her bower, a stranger came;
Of ruth or love his visage bore no trace.
His brow was furrowed and his eye was stern,
But, seeing her, he kissed her withered face.
Straightway her pallid cheek began to flame
And forth she fared with Death to Love eterne!

Franklin Gadsby.

CURRENT EVENTS ABROAD.

IT is strange to have to write of Newfoundland among "Foreign Events," but no other part of the British Empire so truly falls under that category, for its western shore might as well be foreign territory for all the advantage Newfoundland derives from it. An instructive chapter could be written on the lack of vision displayed by British diplomacy in the past, and what is known as the French shore in Newfoundland would be one of the paragraphs in it, and the long curtain by which Alaskan territory shuts out the Canadian Yukon from the ocean would be another.

I have been trying to think of any other geographical parallel on the face of the earth to this Alaskan one, but nothing occurs to me except that Dalmatian veil which Austria interposes between the Adriatic and some of the former Provinces of the Turkish empire. The aggravating thing about the French shore question is not so much that such an arrangement was ever made as that it has been constantly interpreted so as to make it ten times a greater grievance than it ever need have been. If French rights under the treaty had been strictly confined to what a fair interpretation of it called for, there would have been no French shore question. It is a monstrous reading of the treaty to say that it dooms the west shore of Newfoundland for all time to come to silence and desolation. Yet that is the inevitable result of the version of it that in the past the French and English authorities have combined in enforcing. Along a coast where no man can acquire a real title to land or even a lease that is of any use

to him, there of course can be no settlement, no progress, no civilization.

It is difficult to get people to believe in Newfoundland. If there had been any good in it there would have been some stir there before now, they say. But if the disabilities under which the colony has been stifled are considered, there is only room for surprise that it is alive at all. Newfoundland is the headquarters of one of the great fishing areas of the world, and it would be easy to figure the untold gold that lies in its annual sea-harvest. But this bounty of nature instead of showering blessings on the Island has been transmuted into its curse. The history of the colony is largely a record of the



DRAWN BY KAHRS.

SIR JAMES WINTER, K.C.M.G.
The Premier of Newfoundland.



DRAWN BY KAHRS.

THE RT.-HON. SIR HENRY CAMPBELL-BANNERMAN, BART.
The New Leader of the British Liberal Party.

determination of the fishing companies to make it a fishing station and nothing else. Any other form of industry was discouraged, and I would like to know of any fishing community the wide world over that does not constantly alternate from profitless plenty to gaunt famine. The fisherman has usually but one string to his bow, and when that snaps he is defenceless. His crude attempts at cultivating the soil are a libel on husbandry, and if the settlement of Newfoundland depends on the fishing interests the work will not be much further advanced than it is now when the horn of Gabriel is heard pealing from the heavens. You might as well expect an oyster to move inland as expect a fisherman, or even a fisherman's sons, to leave the seashore. His very life is fatal to day-in-and-day-out hum-drum industry. For the development of the soil, therefore,

which must be the basis of permanent stability in any country, we must look to settlers who are farmers and not fishermen.

So far Newfoundland has not been able to get this class of settlers. Whether other countries were more desirable and attractive, it is certain that they were able to bring their desirability and attractiveness more prominently before home-seekers in Europe than Newfoundland was with its feeble means and its restricted or altogether absent machinery or organization. In the meantime there would be periodical reports of the failure of the fisheries and the existence of starving fishermen along the mist-shrouded shores of the devoted island. Such a reputation was of course fatal to its chances of drawing population.

The fishing interest and the way it was conducted was responsible for this. The credit system sat like a blight on everything. The fisherman every season

went to work with a "dead horse" for ballast to his boat. If the season's catch promised him an excess over and above this "dead horse" he might show some activity. If not he had no more interest in the subject. And so the Island staggered along on the brink of bankruptcy and starvation until in—what year was it—1894, I think, it toppled over, and the world's attention was once more called to its deplorable condition, and it went around among the respectable communities with a most disreputable black eye.

Now the French shore had nothing to do with this. The fault lies at the door of a commercial clique which has been determined from the earliest times to fasten Newfoundland, a helpless and famished Mazeppa, to the back of the fishing industry. The debacle of 1894 pretty well smashed this fish

ring, and on the whole the mercantile condition of the Island is sounder. What is wanted, however, is a farming or grazing population. Here is an island lying in the temperate zone with a large extent of unsettled lands, how large they have not even had the enterprise or means to ascertain, waiting for population, and yet there are thousands, aye, millions, of landless people in the world. The European market, but especially that of the United Kingdom, is the goal of the producers in all ends of the earth. In distant Australia and New Zealand the shepherd tends his sheep and thinks how much the wool and mutton will be worth in London. In Ontario and Quebec the dairyman collects his milk, wondering if the price for cheese and butter will hold until his shipments get across the ocean. Out on the prairie the farmer turns the furrow with the Liverpool grain quotations in his mind. But all are far away from the desired goal. In some cases long railway journeys divide the products from the sea, and the cost of carriage leaves the cultivator but little margin to reward his toil.

But here is an Island in the Atlantic Ocean where the furthest acre is not 150 miles from tidewater. With virgin soil and free land the settler in Newfoundland, within reach of a railway and only a few days' sail from his ultimate customer, ought to be in a position to do well.

If it is asked why Canada should assume the burden of Newfoundland, it can only be answered that the desire to improve things is strong among people of our strain. We would feel sufficiently rewarded if in a few years we could see patches of green meadow checkering the forest in the oldest

colony. What would Newfoundland gain? She would, of course, in turn take up her share of our burdens, but her connection with a modern community, her acquisition of our extensive machinery for immigration and colonization, of our exploring and surveying organization could scarcely fail to improve our knowledge of the Island's resources and to supply settlers when the best locations for settlement are ascertained. Let us hope that thousands of home-seekers will in the future have occasion to bless the day when Newfoundland became a part of Canada.

The French shore question is, of course, not settled, but Canada in possession might help to settle it. A treaty that imposes desolation on a country is self-condemned. France indeed appears to be the sport of fate just now. Like the limed tiger, the more she endeavours to wipe away the



DRAWN BY GOODE.

MAJOR-GENERAL OTIS.

Commanding the United States Army in the Philippines.



DRAWN BY GOODE.

JOSEPH H. CHOATE.

The New York Lawyer who was recently appointed United States Ambassador to Great Britain. He is a graduate of Harvard, has made a fortune out of law, and is a witty after-dinner speaker.

scandals of the Dreyfus affair the more they stick and accumulate and the more blinded and enraged the country becomes. The resentful and defiant attitude of the army chiefs becomes more marked day by day, and anti-Semitism is a synonym for patriotism.

As one reads the menacing language of the more disreputable representatives of the French newspaper press, the publications that circulate by the hundreds of thousands among the turbulent masses that fed the Revolution, one is compelled to reflect on the possibilities to which this undisguised hatred may lead. There is a strain of innate savagery in all peoples, but the history of France leaves us in no doubt as to what may happen when the child of the barricade casts away his fear of the gendarme and the judge. "Is there danger of a second St. Bartholomew's eve?" a sober English paper

asks, and when we appraise all the inflammable material lying about we cannot with any assurance return a negative answer to the question. "Two peoples dwell in France," said Bismarck on one occasion, "the French and the Parisians. The former love peace. The latter write the newspapers and seek to pick quarrels, which the other then has to fight out." We are justified in thinking that a massacre of Jews in Paris is impossible as we stand here at the gateway of a new century; but, with a sullen and angry army and a press of unexampled violence virtually egging the people on to bloodshed, we may wake up some morning to find civilization humiliated and disgraced.

On the top of her other troubles comes the death of President Faure. At the moment of writing, M. Loubet has been elected in his stead. M. Loubet appears to be a public man of the Halifax type. In the presidency of the Senate he has been able to keep aloof from the turmoil of the day. The fact, however, that the disturbing element regards his election with aversion gives hope that the representatives made a good choice. But what can the President do while the civil arm is paralyzed by fear of the mailed fist of the army? "Let justice be done though the heavens fall," is a trite saw, but it is one which, if boldly enforced by a courageous man who thought more of his country than of himself, might save France from the awful scenes towards which she seems to be hurrying.

Mr. Campbell-Bannerman has assumed command of the Liberals in

Parliament, and has, so far, acquitted himself so well as to infuse a feeble thrill of coherency into the disorganized mass of English Liberalism.

American proceedings in the Philippines have led the curious to draw parallels between Aguinaldo and Washington, between McKinley and George III. I do not think the parallel will be carried out to the extent of the achieve-

ment of their independence by the Filipinos. It is worth while pointing out, though, that a hundred and thirty years ago Franklin, the agent of the revolted colonies, was safe in London, but that Agoncillo, the Filipino ambassador, had to fly from Washington in these days of full-fruited liberty, apparently as if he were in danger of his life.

John A. Ewan.

CARELESS HISTORICAL WORK.

THE fourth volume of "Canada: An Encyclopædia," has recently been issued, and contains in its more than 500 pages much information, some of which is of the highest value (so far as it goes in the necessarily condensed form in which it is published), and some of which is not only valueless but is mischievous and misleading. I shall in a few words as possible draw the attention of your readers to some of the defects just referred to. Let us turn to page 464, where begins what the editor is pleased to term the "History of the rooth Regiment." Now this "history" (?) is not the entire work of the editor. In a foot-note he is so kind as to tell the public that he is "indebted mainly for these facts to the very careful history of the regiment, contained in *The Montreal Star*, of March 21st, 1896." The paper just referred to ought to be more than grateful to the editor of "Canada" for this testimonial. There is no doubt it was given in good faith and that the editor, when he clipped the account from the *Star* and inserted this "very careful history" in his fourth volume, believed what he was saying. The only fault to be found with this statement of the editor is this, that it is absolutely incorrect, and that he, by adopting what he found in the *Montreal* paper, and publishing it as correct, actually vouching for its authenticity in fact, has given to the Canadian public a so-called history of the rooth

Regiment which is not only useless but misleading.

Take, for instance, the following statement: "Lieutenant-Colonel Baron de Rottenburg, an old army officer, then doing service as Adjutant-General of the Militia of Lower Canada, was appointed to the command of the new regiment." In the first place, De Rottenburg was Colonel, not Lieutenant-Colonel, and was Adjutant-General for Upper Canada and not Lower Canada. The first mistake is merely technical, but the second is simply inexcusable.

Again, after speaking of the Canadians who were given commissions, the article says there were six captaincies, six lieutenantcies and four ensigncies bestowed, besides a majority. This is also wrong. They were five captaincies, eight lieutenantcies, and five ensigncies, in addition to the majority, —another very pretty blunder in this "very careful history."

But this is only a beginning of the mistakes. The article gives the names of the first captains and lieutenants, and leaves out the ensigns, medical officers, paymaster and quartermaster, *in toto*. This is, for a "very careful history," at least singular, yet it is but a portion of the blundering; for of the six captains' names given one is wholly wrong, Captain Bruce never having been in the regiment, and of the others two are mis-described. Two of the names of Canadian lieutenants are left

out altogether; they were Lieutenants Darbshire and Rykert, while the fact that Colonel de Rottenburg was a Canadian, had seen service during the Rebellion of 1837 and was the first native Canadian who ever commanded an Imperial regiment, is never even mentioned.

Once more. This history, speaking of Major Dunn, says he was "a brave Canadian, then retired from the army and living in Toronto, who had won his commission and the Victoria Cross for gallantry at the famous charge of the Light Brigade." It is hard to write quietly about such nonsense as is here contained. Dunn was both brave and a Canadian, but he was a lieutenant in the 11th Hussars at Balaclava, and won nothing, not even a step in rank, beyond the V.C. "Won his commission!" Why, he had been more than two years an officer in the army when the Crimean war broke out.

"The other commissions in the regiment were distributed among officers transferred from existing regiments in the army, *most of them on promotion for service during the Crimean war.*" So says this "very careful history;" and please let the reader remember that the italics are mine. There were besides Major Dunn four Crimean officers in the 100th, namely, Lieutenants Lee, Coulson, Lamb and Ensign Moorson. Not one of these gained anything by being gazetted to the 100th; they were of the same rank in the corps they were transferred from as they were in the 100th. No officer of any rank obtained a commission in the 100th for services in the Crimea, but Lieutenants Cook, Clery and Browne, V.C., of the 32nd Regiment were gazetted to captaincies therein for their gallantry and devotion at the defence of Lucknow during the Indian Mutiny of 1857-58.

There are yet more blunders in this "very careful history." The Canadian recruiting depot in Toronto was under the command of Captain John Clarke, not of Lieutenant Fletcher; the latter was subaltern to the former.

Again, neither Lieutenants Fletcher

nor De Bellefeuille left the 100th in 1861, but they did in 1863; while it is simply ludicrous to say the regiment was reorganized in Montreal. Disorganization in a British regiment means mutiny, and there was never anything of that kind in the 100th. What is meant is, that there was a change in command. Lastly, before I pass on to other matters, let me remark that the Trent affair occurred in 1861, and not in 1866, as is related in this "very careful history."

That is a very large quota of blunders in one article of little more than 2,000 words, but it by no means exhausts the mistakes in the remainder of the military portion of the volume. On page 478, the "Trent affair in 1862" is spoken of, though elsewhere it gives 1866 as the date, as well as the correct one, namely, 1861. On page 487, "the death of Colonel Williams in the famous charge at Batoche" is mentioned. Colonel Williams was a brave soldier and a Christian gentleman, but he died early in July, 1885, from sickness, on board a river steamer on his way home from the Northwest.

Once more. On page 493, in a biographical sketch, the "Body Guards" are spoken of as existing in 1838. The "Governor-General's Body Guard" only got that title some thirty years later.

Again, on page 514, a well-known public official of Toronto is described as being educated at Upper Canada College, a scholastic establishment he never entered. There are numerous other mistakes which it would take up too much space to enumerate, while it is refreshing to turn to the paper on "The Northwest Rebellion of 1885," by Lieutenant-Colonel Mason, and read its contents. It is by far the best condensed account, so far given, of this historic event, and the writer is to be congratulated on his success. The excellence of the Mason article does much to mitigate the blunders and mistakes in the other portions of the editor's notes.

Thos. E. Champion.

EDITORIAL COMMENT

RUDYARD KIPLING, the legitimate successor of the minstrels of pre-printing days, has given the Anglo-Saxon race a new song, entitled "The White Man's Burden." He tells the people of Great Britain and of the United States that they have a duty to perform. He cries to them:

"Take up the white man's burden—
Send forth the best ye breed—
Go, bind your sons in exile
To serve your captives' need."

He sees the new races of Africa, Asia and Central America being brought under Anglo-Saxon rule, and the work which the white races must do in civilizing the uncivilized:

"Take up the white man's burden—
No iron rule of kings,
But toil of serf and sweeper—
The tale of common things."

He endeavours to impress the Anglo-Saxons with a sense of their responsibilities. They must toil, and lead and educate. They must not seek "easy, ungrudged praise," but do their work with an unswerving devotion to their ideals.

It is a wonderful sermon, this poem of Kipling's, and will tend to impress upon the two great English peoples the size and importance of the task they have undertaken in acquiring control over great nations of uneducated people. It impresses each individual, also, with a feeling that he is not living for himself alone, but for a divine order of things in which years are but seconds, and nations but units. Indirectly it denounces selfishness and greed, and sets up noble ideas in their stead.

This broad view of life may serve to indicate to Canadians some of their

shortcomings. The Canadian people have a burden to bear, and they are bearing it none too wisely. This is due, perhaps, to the narrowness of our national view. We are proud of our British origin and connection, but we lack the British breadth and enterprise and patriotism. Possessed of the northern half of a continent richly endowed by nature, we are not developing it as we might. The average Canadian is slow to move except in one direction, and that is from the country to the city. For this reason our development is not fast. The land needs more settlers, the mines more developers, each national industry more enterprising workers.

Perhaps our greatest need is more confidence, more optimism. Few persons would be daring enough to accuse us of self-glorification—except in our postage-stamps. But as a people we need more pride—that pride which begets faith. We need as much faith in ourselves collectively as we now have in ourselves individually. Taken singly we are very fair specimens of the slow Britisher. Taken collectively we lack the confidence of the dwellers in the British Isles. Our development of muscle and brawn has not been accompanied by a proper development of nerve—that particular kind of nerve which generates restless energy and indomitable perseverance.

True, the burden is not wholly neglected. There is some development abroad. The Rossland District, the Atlin District, and the Yukon District—these are names which are new yet familiar to the world. There are many adventurous spirits in these new regions, and a few of these men are

Canadians. The three-year-old city of Rossland contains 1,250 working miners, and during 1898 sent from the camp ore to the value of nearly three million dollars. This is but one camp of the many. Some men are drawing the prizes, and Canada's yearly addition to the world's wealth is steadily growing larger.

The great Canadian West needs settlers. Our Government does not apparently recognize that Canadians have the necessary patient energy to change the wild plain to the smiling, cultivated gardens of civilization. Hence, they import the Doukhobor, the Galician, the Iclander, and they say to those of our Canadians who have already settled there: "Invite these foreigners to your day-schools, your Sunday-schools, your church socials and your evening gatherings. Marry your sons and your daughters to the daughters and the sons of these uneducated, simple-minded folk. Their traditions may be different from ours, but the new families will build up new traditions. Their ideas of government are not ours, but they will come around in time. Your grandchildren may speak broken English, but you will have the satisfaction of knowing that, after your death, your great-grandchildren will probably speak almost as you speak to-day."

This is the insulting and disheartening immigration policy we have been pursuing for years. Every foreigner who goes into the Canadian North-West is likely to be the cause of one Canadian deciding not to go there. No white Canadian will care to go upon a farm when he knows that his neighbour on the right will be a Galician and that on the left an Iclander. We must change this policy. We must stop this influx of foreign immigration.

But that is not enough. We must inaugurate a Canadian migration from the East to the West to displace that from the North to the South. Each Canadian must constitute himself an immigration agent, in order that every citizen in the older Pro-

vinces who can be induced to go West shall do so unless wisdom plainly says that he is needed where he is. The land is plentiful and bountiful; the government is the same there as in the East; there is the same division into country and town and city; there is more fresh air and there are more opportunities for such labour as will not deaden the faculties.

Our immigration policy is not the only one which requires changing. Agriculture is not the only industry which is being injured by a poorly-conceived governmental policy. Yet, to discuss the matter further would be to run into a political discussion. It is sufficient to say that the only hope for rapid improvement lies in the people themselves. They must not be content with the present state of prosperity, but must strive for improvement in every direction. "Demos is king," thundered Principal Grant in a recent speech; but of what use is a king who does not conceive and carry out improvements, who inaugurates no reform, who stimulates no progress?

The article on St. John, N.B., in this issue, shows what one Canadian city can do if its citizens have a definite common aim and unlimited perseverance. If one Canadian city can accomplish so much, forty Canadian cities can accomplish more than forty times as much. A country with a definite aim, with thoughtful leaders can do a great deal. Our burden is to make Canada a great country, filled with happy, contented, prosperous people; to make the northern half of this continent a new Britain—with several patented improvements.

One drawback at the present time is the loose state of political morality which obtains at Ottawa. The leaders of both political parties lack breadth and depth. They are time-servers. They seek the power, the praise, the profit of the moment, rather than the good of the future. They live not for the good which they can do, but for

the good which can be done to them. We need broader-minded public men. We need them badly.

Nevertheless, it must be acknowledged that our public men are almost as perfect as the people they represent. King Demos has little conscience. Public opinion is not very acute. A Liberal leader, through a Liberal press and a thorough party organization, can move the people to approve of almost anything. So can a Conservative leader. The voter is not a unit; he is a crowd. As such he can be swayed and driven. The office-holder and the office-seeker is abroad in large numbers, and his work is more for himself and the party than for the country.

The article signed "A French Canadian" shows how the lack of a public conscience is affecting our much-vaunted municipal government. Our cities are being handed over to wire-pullers, ward-heelers and vote-controllers. Men of education, men with liberal minds, men with wealth and leisure will not fill the position of mayor or alderman. They find that the people will vote only for the penniless man, he who goes from house to house seeking votes, who is a Protestant to-day and a Catholic to-morrow, a Conservative to Conservatives and a Liberal to Liberals. These small men secure office, and are then the prey of the greedy and the selfish. The promoter of a new franchise buys them at ridiculously low prices. The City Council of Toronto once sold a valuable franchise out of which the promoters made four millions of dollars, while the aldermen who sanctioned the sale were bought with less than a hundred thousand. Toronto has built a new City Hall at a cost of nearly three millions. Out of

this amount the city got about a million and a quarter in building-value, the contractors and architect nearly another million, and the aldermen a few paltry thousands. A "French Canadian" shows that a similar state of affairs exists in Montreal.

What is the remedy for this weakness in our political and municipal systems? I must confess that it is difficult to suggest anything but education. Talk to the people who are careless and endeavour to teach them to realize the necessity of voting against party, against friend, against acquaintance, if the public good is to be served. But who is to do this talking? Every man who values the country's welfare, the nation's good name, the verdict of history, more than he values the dollars and pleasures of the moment. There are earnest citizens in every part of this Dominion. Let them take fresh courage, gird themselves afresh for the conflict, and the day of the boomster, the boodler, and the pea-nut politician will soon pass away. It cannot be done in one year, nor in five years, but it can be done. Yet in the doing, many good men must sacrifice themselves. No principle of truth and righteousness was ever established without many sacrifices.

To change the subject. Some readers of "The Canadian Magazine" have been complaining that the serial story, "Aneroestes, the Gaul," ended too abruptly. The abruptness was of the author's making, not of the editor's. The story ended in the Magazine exactly as it does in the book. The hero and the heroine escape safely. What more could a reader desire?

John A. Cooper.



BOOKS AND AUTHORS

A LIFE OF HENRY DRUMMOND.

IN a recent novel the author undertakes to exhibit the difficulties of withstanding the temptations which waylay the successful man. George Adam Smith, in his life of Henry Drummond,* says that the author of "Natural Law in the Spiritual World," and the "Ascent of Man," passed through "two of the greatest trials to which character can be exposed. At twenty-three he was surprised by the fame of his own eloquence. Crowds of men and women hung upon his lips; innumerable lives open their secrets to him." This was his first trial. At thirty-three his first book brought another world to his feet; "the great of the land thronged him, his social opportunities were boundless, and he was urged by the chief statesman of our time to a political career." Through both these trials he passed unscathed. Such as these are the tests of greatness. Sudden success has withered some of the world's finest characters.

It is as a religious enthusiast and as a writer of religious books that Drummond is best known. His biography shows him to have been much more than this. He was a traveller with keen powers of observation. In the Western wilds of America, the unexplored regions of Central Africa, the cannibal inhabited New Hebrides he gained a knowledge of all manners and conditions of nations, customs and men. His observations may be found in part in this biography and in part in his book "Tropical Africa."

Henry Drummond was born in Stirling, Scotland, in 1851. As a boy he was noted for his proficiency in athletics and his penchant for fishing. From the High School, he went to Edinburgh and graduated in Arts in 1870, his branch having been Mental Philosophy. He then proceeded to study Divinity at New College. In the meantime, however, he was practising with much success public speaking and writing. He studied hard, took great interest in natural science and read Ruskin, George Eliot and Carlyle. In 1873 Moody and Sankey visited Great Britain. They created a great stir in Scotland. Drummond was drawn into the evangelistic work—a work which in various forms he kept up during nearly the whole of his lifetime.

His life, as told by Mr. Smith, is most interesting and instructive. There are few, if any, dull pages in this five-hundred-page volume, and the style is much ahead of the ordinary biographical writing.

THE NORTH POLE.

For centuries scientists and explorers have desired to know whether ice or water capped the northern end of the earth. Nansen in his famous trip, which commenced in the spring of 1893 and ended a little more than three years later, certainly went farthest north, reaching on April 7th, 1895, 86° 13.6' north latitude. He set sail from Norway on the *Fram* and continued in it until February, 1895, when he and Lieutenant Johansen, with dogs and sleds, left the boat and proceeded over the frozen fields of ice. On April 8th they turned back, having performed all they dared. Lieutenant Johansen has now told his story of this

* Toronto: The Fleming H. Revell Company. Cloth, \$2.00.

famous trip in a beautifully illustrated volume, entitled "With Nansen in the North." * His account is a plain, unvarnished tale of a trip which must have tested the endurance and courage of two men in a way which has been seldom equalled. For three years they never saw a stranger, and for about sixteen months Nansen and Johansen lived alone on the ice-fields without meeting a human being. Not many Canadians would like to undergo such an experience, and Nansen and Johansen deserve all the praise and glory which has come to them. No book can do justice to such an experience, and Johansen attempts no dramatic writing. He recounts the events of that three years, and leaves everything else to the imagination of the intelligent reader.

ROMANCE IN NATURE.

Grant Allen has attempted novel-writing without marked success. He is a novelist, but not a great novelist. When he publishes such a book as "Flashlights on Nature," † we see him in his truer and better colours. He is a scientist, a charming scientist. He tells us of curious animals and plants in a most romantic style, and works his facts into a story which is as enticing as any novel. Take an example :

"Nature is rich in tragedies ; but somehow, the tragedies which are long familiar to us cease to be tragic. We accept them as merely picturesque little episodes in our daily existence. Nobody is astonished, for example, when a cat plays with a mouse before killing it. . . . And I know of no instance which impresses the ordinary observer so much at sight as the first time when, wandering accidentally through some peaceful copse or wood, he finds himself face to face with that hateful hoard, a butcher-bird's larder.

"For what the cat does with the mouse for a few short moments, that the butcher-bird does with it through long, lingering days and nights of agony. He impales his mouse alive on the stout thorn of some May-bush, and keeps it there, maimed but struggling, or slowly dying, for a week at a time, until he has need for it as food for himself or his family."

This is a wonderful book which should be in the little library of every boy whose parents desire him to grow up observant and enquiring.

THE AUTHOR OF ALICE IN WONDERLAND.

Very few books have had the sale of Lewis Carroll's "Alice in Wonderland." The real name of the author was the Rev. C. L. Dodgson, who was born in 1832, at Davisbury, near Warrington, England. It was an out-of-the-way place, and young Dodgson had to invent his own games. "He made pets of the most odd and unlikely animals, and numbered certain snails and toads among his intimate friends." His education was begun early, and, as was the custom, he began writing Latin verse at the age of twelve ; at seventeen he was editor of a local magazine. He afterwards went to Oxford where he further distinguished himself as a writer, and became acquainted with such men as Tennyson and Ruskin. He also became acquainted with three little girls by the name of Liddell, one of them being the original Alice. His story of "Alice in Wonderland" was begun under a different name to please these little girls. The story was afterwards written out for their pleasure, and finally published on the suggestion of George Macdonald, the author, a friend of Mr. Dodgson. The first edition was illustrated by Mr. Tenniel (now Sir), the leading artist of to-day on London *Punch*. Mr. Dodgson (Lewis Carroll) was an enthusiastic photographer and a very fair artist. His "Life and Letters," ‡ the book which has just been written by his nephew, Mr. Collingwood, and which has drawn forth these remarks, is full of reproduction of these two arts of his. Mr. Dodgson died on January 14th, 1898. "Alice in Wonderland" is his greatest work, but he has written and published many other monographs, volumes of verse, and more serious books.

* Toronto: George N. Morang & Company.

† Toronto: William Briggs.

‡ Toronto: George N. Morang & Company.

A JUBILEE REPORT.

A most valuable volume has just been published by the Minister of Education for Ontario, in commemoration of The Toronto Normal School Jubilee Celebration, held on Oct. 31st and Nov. 1st and 2nd, 1897. To the general reader the sections giving the reminiscent speeches and the educational addresses will be the most interesting. The sketch of the Normal School by the late Thomas Kirkland is a valuable bit of history; that of James L. Hughes on "The School of the Twentieth Century" is well worth perusing. The other two addresses are even more enticing. Dr. Sangster compares Ontario educationally with the conditions of fifty years ago, and clearly indicates the progress made. Dr. Robins of Montreal writes of "Protestant Education in Quebec," prefacing his remarks on the subject by a glowing reference to the picturesque beauties of that Province, and to the varied origin of its people—1,300,000 of the 1,500,000 being Roman Catholic in religion.

"This people live for the most part in a calm, patriarchal simplicity that is unknown elsewhere on this restless continent. Frugal, thrifty, shrewd, gay, polite sons of the soil, they marry early, have very large families, are content with little, are cheerful in adversity, joyous in prosperity, live long and die resignedly. It will not be wise of you, because they now sit in quietness and obscurity under the easy rule of their priesthood, to under-rate their strength or to undervalue their many excellent qualities. They have a capacity for being led, an unquestioning loyalty to competent leaders, to leaders who can reach their springs of action, which in many times of storm and stress have great advantages over the less easily organized individualism of men of the Germanic races."

MORE OF FRENCH CANADA.

It is easy to pass from Dr. Robins' address to William Parker Greenough's "Canadian Folk-Life and Folk-Lore,"* a book which deals exclusively with the French-Canadian—the true, the only Canadian in his own eyes. Mr. Greenough describes these people very well indeed, although his analysis is not very deep. Their marriages, festivities, chansons, conveyances, amusements, occupations and other characteristics are described exceedingly well, the simplest important detail being given due attention. Mr. Greenough has become very enthusiastic over this peculiar people whom he discovered in his travels, and his enthusiasm has led him to carefully chronicle their eccentricities. Of the *habitant* he says:

"His wants are few and his tastes of the simplest, so that he manages to feed his numerous children, pay his dues to Church and State, and have a decent suit of clothes for Sundays and holidays. He must be very poor indeed, if he cannot make a respectable appearance at church. It is a matter of religion with him. He works less steadily and with less intelligence than the New Englander, but is twice as well satisfied with what he gets, and probably quite as happy and contented. He makes but little progress in any direction, but feels not the slightest uneasiness on that account."

But this is a wonderfully clever and informing book, and every Canadian, who is not a French-Canadian, will enjoy it. It contains many reproductions of portraits, photographs and drawings, showing characteristic persons, places and things. The book is also valuable in what it omits, for there is no description of the city of Quebec itself—much to the delight of some weary palates. One author was wise in confining himself to a study of the rural districts.

NEW NOVELS.

"The Town Traveller," by George Gissing,† is a London story dealing with the lower middle classes. Mr. Gammon, a commercial traveller, is a most amusing character, and one not to be soon forgotten. He is always happy,

* New York: George H. Richmond. Cloth, illustrated, 200 pp.

† Florin Series: George N. Morang & Company, Toronto.

always humourous, usually vulgar and often generous to his own detriment. Polly Sparkes sells theatre programmes, quarrels with her landlady and her relations, makes those around her as worried as she possibly can. Her choice of a husband is most peculiar and all her doings are equally mysterious. In fact, the book is full of mystery, softened here and there by clever and humorous dialogue. Yet the book is not great—only one of the larger class of passable fiction.

The most talked-of novel of the last three months is "Aylwin," by Theodore Watts-Dunton,* an almost unknown name in fiction. Nearly all the leading novelists of to-day are British, and so is Mr. Watts-Dunton. He is a lawyer, a scientist and a litterateur. For some time he has been a leading critic on the *Athenæum*, and as one writer puts it, "to his task the author brought boundless stores of knowledge, and still better things—a richness and depth of reflection, an originality and freshness of soul, and above all a complete independence of thought which singled him out." Lowell and Swinburne thought him great. He was never a slashing critic, and he is now enjoying as friendly criticism as he was wont to give. As for "Aylwin" itself, it has been written for over a dozen years, and is apparently given to the public with reluctance. Aylwin, the father, is driven into mysticism by the death of his wife, who was drowned in his sight. When dying, he asked that a curse upon any despoiler of his grave should be buried with him. His son, Henry Aylwin, falls in love with Winifred Wynne, whose father desecrates the tomb of the senior Aylwin. The curse settles upon all, until the great-hearted Sinfi Lowell takes the curse upon herself and masters it. Materialism is crushed by being shown to be helpless in the face of death and sorrow and love.

The novel is really a study from life, in life, of life. It is not a cold, artistic presentation such as Maupassant or Howells would attempt; it is more like one of Thackeray's tales, or one of Mrs. Humphrey Ward's. There is a lesson, not forced upon the reader, but indicated by the story. There are digressions, as there are in Thackeray, but these digressions do not represent the feelings of the author only, but of his numerous literary and artistic friends, of whom Rossetti was chief. Yet in spite of the extensive *motif*, in spite of the palpable digressions, the story is bright and interesting. All didactic appearance is prevented by having the whole story written in the words of Henry Aylwin. Only one other word—the Gypsy tinge in the story reminds one of the witch tinge in Miss Wood's serial "A Daughter of Witches."

I cannot think that Charles G. D. Roberts' poetry will ever be popular; I feel sure that his charming history of Canada will some day be surpassed; I trust that one or two of his minor books will be forgotten; but I am hopeful that the future generations of Canadians will appreciate "A Forge in the Forest" and "A Sister to Evangeline"† even more than does the present. These stories are Canadian in spirit, in colour, in tone; and as such they are ours, ours—blood of our blood, bone of our bone. As an example of Roberts' style in his latest volume, the following from pp. 3 and 4 may be taken as a taste:

"By far the smaller portion of my life had been spent in the Acadian village—only my early boyhood, before the years of schooling at Quebec; and afterwards the fleeting sweetness of some too brief visits, that lay in my memory like pools of enchanted leisure in a desert of emulous contentions. My father, tenderest and bravest of all men that I had known, rested in an unmarked grave beside the northern wash of the Peribonca. My uncle, Jean de Mer, Sieur de Briart, was on the Ohio, fighting the endless battle of France in the western wilderness. His one son, my one cousin, the taciturn but true-hearted Marc, was with his father, spending himself in the same quarrel. . . . I wished mightily that their brave hands could clasp mine in wel-

* Toronto: George N. Morang & Company.

† Toronto: George N. Morang & Company.

come back to Grand Pré. I thought of their two fair New England wives, left behind at Quebec to shame by their gay innocence the corruption of Bigot's court. . . . Yes, I had no kinsfolk to greet me back to Grand Pré, no roof of mine that I should call it home. But friends, loyal friends, would welcome me, I knew."

What an indication of the troublous period in which the scenes of the story are laid! Roberts is an artist. And the story, it is well told. Yvonne—"her wide white lids downcast over her great eyes, her long lashes almost sweeping the rondure of her cheek, she looked a Madonna"—is thoroughly worshipped and idealized as "a sister to Evangeline" should be; for it would have been unfair to Longfellow had the sister been less noble than Evangeline herself.

"The Comte de la Muette,"* by Bernard Capes, is a fantastic tale of the adventures of an aristocrat during the Reign of Terror in France. The style of the author is as weird, as picturesque and as fantastic as the thoughts and actions of that horrifying period. It is a strain on the mind of the modern individual to realize those horrors, and the strain is not eliminated by the author of this book in his choice of language. Had he made his words, sentences and thoughts easy reading, his portraiture of the Comte's adventures would have been unreal. But he makes no such mistake, and the effect is wonderful. He describes, with convincing detail, the feelings of a man of rank pursued by sans-culottism and its disciples, and ties up with his fate that of a charming maiden—a girl who is introduced to the reader in a restaurant, where she goes on calmly picking her partridge, despite the fact that a deputy is run through within a few feet from the table at which she sits. She is called upon later to supply courage and support to the dashing, resourceful Comte, and to share his good fortune in finding a way of escape to a peaceful domicile in England.

THE KING'S RIVALS.

In the year 1660, a fishing vessel from New England was prowling about near the Banks of Newfoundland. Its captain saw a ship on fire and hastened toward it to give assistance. Before he came near it in the night, it vanished. In the morning a boat was picked up containing the corpse of an English gentleman and his living twelve-year-old son. The shock had deprived the boy of all memory, and for years he lived in the colony, unknowing and unknown. Such is the commencement of an entertaining and fairly clever novel, "The King's Rivals," by E. N. Barrow.† The story shifts gradually from Massachusetts to London. "Hal" regains his memory and his name—but only through many intricate happenings.

ONTARIO BIRDS.

The documents issued by the Department of Agriculture for Ontario have a special value because of the broad mind of the Deputy who controls the department. In the latest "Report of the Superintendent of Farmers' Institutes" is embodied a report on "The Birds of Ontario in Relation to Agriculture," by Charles W. Nash, with drawings by the same gentleman. This report is also issued in separate form in a pamphlet of some sixty pages, with thirty-two full page illustrations. Not only is it interesting, but it is one of the most valuable of recent contributions to Canadian ornithology.

*Toronto: The Copp, Clark Co.

†Toronto: The Copp, Clark Co.

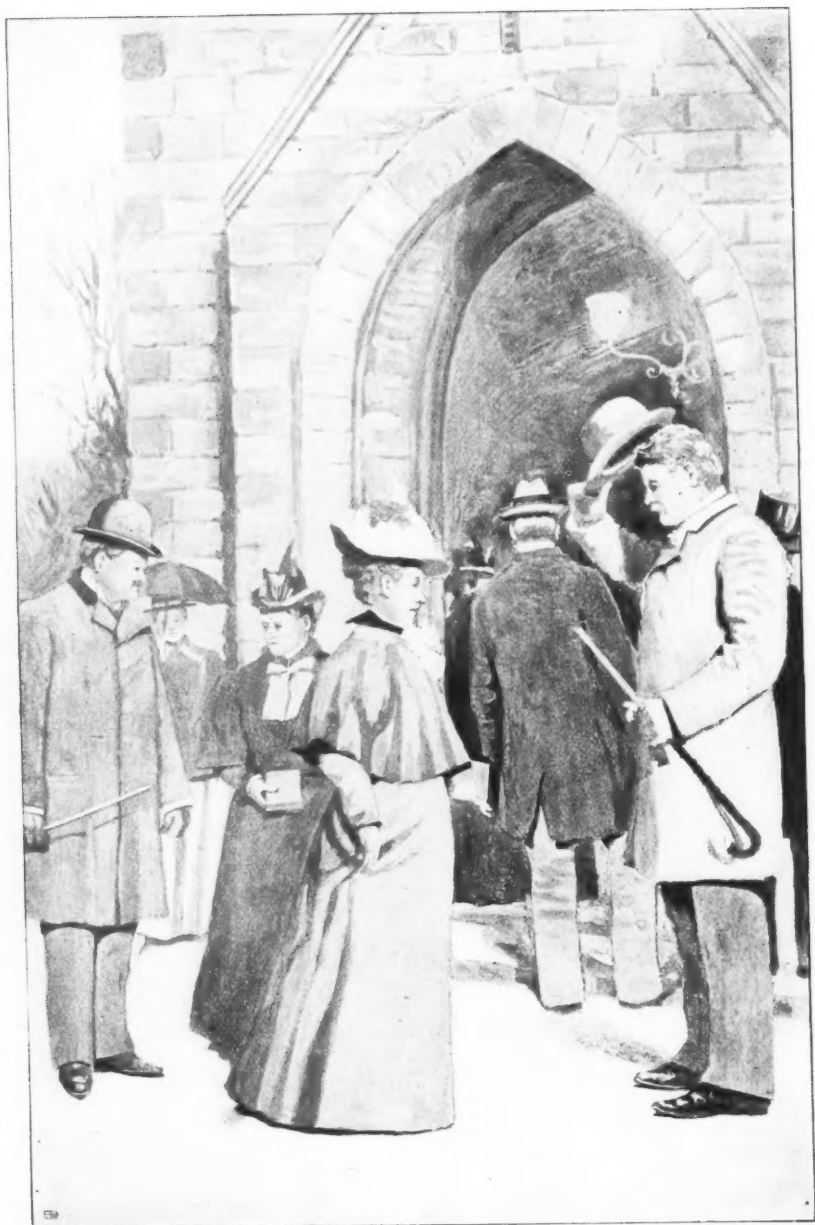
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DRAWN FOR THE CANADIAN MAGAZINE BY ELEANOR DOUGLASS.

EASTER SUNDAY MORNING IN A CANADIAN TOWN.